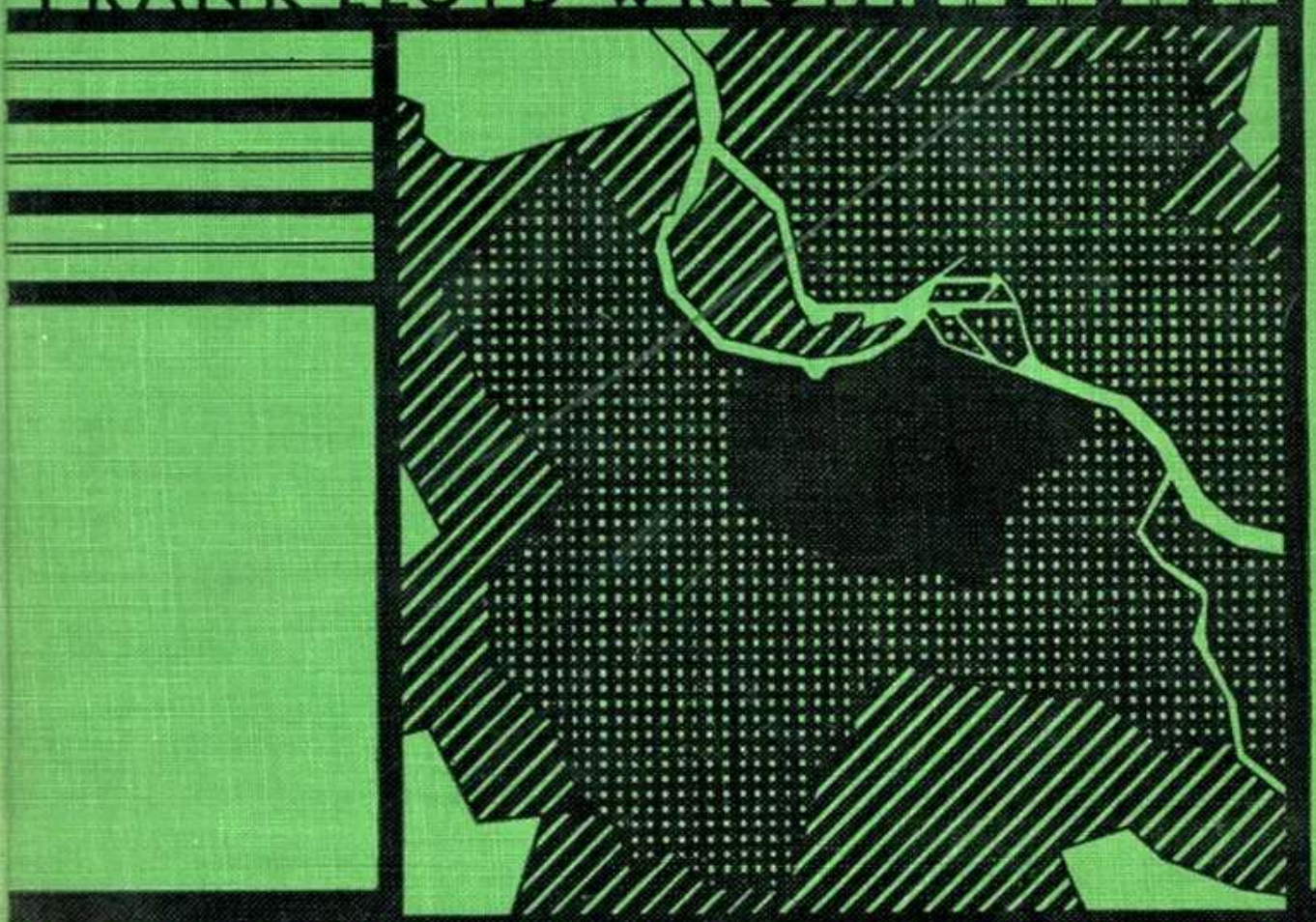
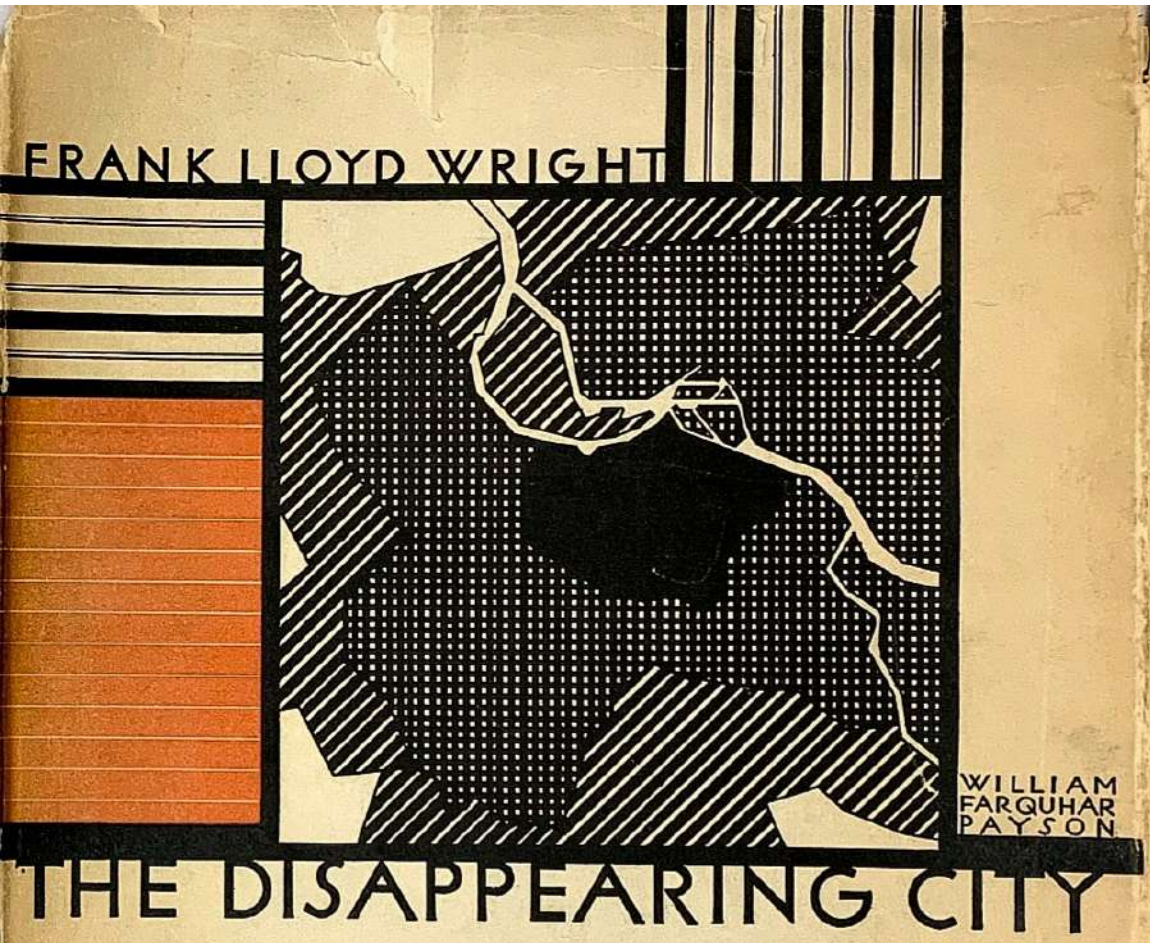
FRANK LLOYD WRIGHT



THE DISAPPEARING CITY



$2.50

The Disappearing City

By FRANK LLOYD WRIGHT

As visualized by a great architect, in this book the reader may find the ideas destined to remodel our civilization on the basis of an intelligent use of the machine.

The gift of freedom correlated to new sense of space, as the original basis of Democracy, is shown to be the logical product of such mechanical means as we have at our disposal now to end the illogical congestion and destruction of manhood in big—or little—cities.

Frank Lloyd Wright is recognized as a great moving force in the new architecture of the world. But his greatness lies less in the fact that he has imaginatively built more than 185 model buildings in America and Japan, each of them a landmark of beauty and a shrine for the pilgrimage of students of art and architecture from all over the world, than it consists in the fact that from the very beginning of his effort, when the rest of the architectural world was steeped in eclecticism and pleased by the revival of dead styles, he sensed

(Continued on Second Flap)

THE DISAPPEARING CITY

THE DISAPPEARING CITY

FRANK LLOYD WRIGHT

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by
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INTERPRETIVE PHOTOGRAPHS

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ON EARTH

The value of this earth, as man's heritage, is pretty far gone from him now in the cities centralization has built. And centralization has over-built them all. Such urban happiness as the properly citified citizen knows consists in the warmth and pressure or the approbation of the crowd. Grown Argus-eyed and enamoured of "whirl" as a dervish, the surge and mechanical roar of the big city turns his head, fills his ears as the song of birds, the wind in the trees, animal cries and the voices and songs of his loved ones once filled his heart.

But as he stands, out of machines he can create nothing but machinery.

The properly citified citizen has become a broker dealing, chiefly, in human frailties or the ideas and inventions of others: a puller of levers, a presser of the buttons of a vicarious power, his by way of machine craft.

A parasite of the spirit is here, a whirling dervish in a whirling vortex.

Perpetual to and fro excites and robs the urban individual of the meditation, imaginative reflection and projection once his as he lived and walked under clean sky among the growing greenery to which he was born companion. The invigoration of the Book of Creation he has traded for the emasculation of a treatise on abstraction. Native pastimes with the native streams, woods and fields, this recreation he has traded for the taint of carbon-monoxide, a rented aggregate of rented cells up-ended on hard pavements, "Paramounts," "Roxies," and nightclubs, speakeasies. And for this he lives in a cubicle among cubicles under a landlord who lives above him, the apotheosis of rent, in some form, in some penthouse.

The citizen, properly citified, is a slave to herd instinct and vicarious power as the medieval laborer, not so long before him, was a slave to his pot of "heavy wet." A cultural weed of another kind.

The weed goes to seed. Children grow up, herded by thousands in schools built like factories, run like factories, systematically turning out herd-struck morons as machinery turns out shoes.

Men of genius, productive when unsuccessful, "succeed," become vicarious, and except those whose metier is the crowd, these men, who should be human salvage, sink in the city to produce, but create no more. Impotent.

Life itself is become the restless "tenant" in the big city. The citizen himself has lost sight of the true aim of human existence and accepts substitute aims as his life, unnaturally gregarious, tends more and more toward the promiscuous blind adventure of a crafty animal, some form of graft, a febrile pursuit of sex as "relief" from factual routine in the mechanical uproar of mechanical conflicts. Meantime, he is struggling to maintain, artificially, teeth, hair, muscles and sap; sight growing dim by work in artificial light, hearing now chiefly by telephone; going against or across the tide of traffic at the risk of damage or death. His time is regularly wasted by others because he, as regularly, wastes theirs as all go in different directions on scaffolding, or concrete or underground to get into another cubicle under some other landlord. The citizen's entire life is exaggerated but sterilized by machinery—and medicine: were motor oil and castor oil to dry up, the city would cease to function and promptly perish.

The city itself is become a form of anxious rent, the citizen's own life rented, he and his family evicted if he is in "arrears" or "the system" goes to smash. Renting, rented and finally the man himself rent should his nervous pace slacken. Should this anxious lockstep of his fall out with the landlord, the moneylord, the machinelord, he is a total loss.

And over him, beside him and beneath him, even in his heart as he sleeps is the taximeter of rent, in some form, to goad this anxious consumer's unceasing struggle for or against more or less merciful or merciless money increment. To stay in lockstep. To pay up. He hopes for not much more now. He is paying his own life into bondage or he is managing to get the lives of others there, in order to keep up the three sacrosanct increments to which he has subscribed as the present great and beneficent lottery of private capital. Humanity preying upon humanity seems to be the only "economic system" he knows anything about.

But all the powerful modern resources naturally his by use of modern machinery

are, by way of human progress, now involuntarily turning against the city. Although a system he, himself, helped to build, capitalized centralization is no longer a system for the citizen nor one working for him. Having done its work for humanity, centralization is centripetal force beyond control, exaggerated by various vicarious powers. And it is exaggerating more and more in its victim his animal fear of being turned out of the hole into which he has been accustomed to crawl only to crawl out again tomorrow morning. Natural horizontality is gone and the citizen condemns himself to an unnatural, sterile verticality—upended by his own excess.

Notwithstanding, sporadic housing, slumming, and profit sharing to build him permanently into bondage as he stands, but for this involuntary war of mechanical factors he is all but helpless now, cursed by the primitive cave dwelling instinct: the shadow of the wall of the ancestral tribe.

PRIMITIVE INSTINCTS

Time was when mankind was divided between cave dwellers and wandering tribes. And were we to go back far enough, we might find the wanderer swinging from branch to branch in the leafy bower of the trees insured by the curl of his tail while the more stolid lover of the wall lurked in such hidden holes and material cavities as he could find.

The cave dweller was the ancient conservative. But probably he was more brutal with his heavy club, if not more ferocious, than the wanderer with his spear.

The cave dweller became the cliff dweller and began to build cities. Establishment was his. His God was a statue more terrible than himself, a murderer, and hidden in a cave. This statue he erected into a covenant.

His swifter, more mobile brother devised a more adaptable and elusive dwelling place, the folding tent.

From place to place over the earth following the law of change, natural law to him, he went in changing seasons.

An adventurer.

His God was a spirit, a wind devastating or beneficent as himself.

These divisions of the human family, having the herd instinct in common with other animals, made God in their own image. Both set up an enmity, each of the other.

The cave dwellers bred their young in the shadow of the wall. The mobile tribes bred their young under the stars in such safety as seclusion by distance from the enemy might afford.

So we may assume the cave dweller multiplied more swiftly than his brother. But more complete was his destruction, more terrible his waste when his defenses fell. His walls grew heavier as he grew more powerful. When he ceased to find a cave he made one. The fortification became his. Cities were originally fortifications.

The cave dweller's human counterpart cultivated mobility for his safety. Defenses, for him, lay in swiftness, stratagem, physical prowess and such arts as Nature taught.

As ingrained instinct of the human race now, in this far distance of time, are both these primitive instincts, though the wandering tribes seem, gradually, to have been overcome by the material defenses and the static forces of the material establishment of the cave dweller.

But I imagine that the ideal of freedom that keeps breaking through our establishments setting their features aside or obliterating them is due in some degree to the original instinct of the adventurer. He who lived by his freedom and his prowess beneath the stars rather than he who lived by his obedience and labor in the shadow of the wall.

However that may be here two human natures have married and brought forth other natures. A fusion of natures in some. A straining confusion in others. In some a survival, more or less instinct, of one or the other salient, archaic, characteristic instincts.

Gradually the body of mankind, both natures working together, has produced what the body of mankind calls civilization. Civilizations become conscious, insist upon, and strive

to perfect culture. In this matter of civilization, the shadow of the wall has seemed to predominate, though the open sky of the adventurer is far from disappearing. As physical fear of brutal force and any need of fortification grow less, so the ingrained yearning for the freedom of the mobile hunter, surviving, finds more truth and reason for being than the stolid masonry or cave dwelling defenses erected and once necessary to protect human life and now slumbering in the manufacturer, the agrarian and the merchant. Those defenses, in any case, modern science and war have made useless and a man's value may again depend not so much on what he has as upon what he can do. So, by way of modern resources, a type is developing capable of changing environment to fit desires and offset losses to the type sinking permanently into the "shadow of the wall,"—the big city.

It is already evident that life now must be more naturally conserved by more light, more freedom of movement and a more general spatial freedom in the ideal establishment of what we call civilization. A new space concept is needed. And it is evident, in this need, that it has come.

Modern mobilization, as a leading factor, is by way of modern means of transport, having its effect upon the nature of the cave dweller—this city brother who submitted obedience to man to be well saved by faith and not by works. But it is only a natural means of realization returning to his brother of the wandering tribe.

So, the "Machine" is at work moulding as well as destroying human character.

. . . . . .

But survivals of human habit wait long for burial.

Man, mobile or static, is first a creature of habit. The habits bred by primitive instincts resist change, however reasonable the change, and will wear away as the dropping of water wears away stone.

All that any change in the conditions of life produces in the conglomerate man-

mass at first is reaction toward the old order. Increased sentiment for the old, violence to the new.

But certain long subconscious desires rooted in these primitive instincts and never yet realized in the present dense order of centralization gradually find release and new means, in the new order of the machine age, to realization. As always, this new release and dawning realization acts positively in favor of the new and eventual destruction of the old life. Such is the order of change in the human habits bred by instinct.

A present instance: for generations the rural youth of Usonia longed for the activity, the sophistication and prizes of the City. There he sought his "fortune." The great prizes were still to be had in accelerated human intercourse as well as in the human excitements to be found in the city. So when, by mobilization, he was made free to move he was by that aid moved cityward to gratify his longing.

THE UNECONOMIC BASIS OF THE CITY

Such human concentration upon the city has been abnormally intensified because, as hangover from traditions having their origin in other circumstances, three major economic artificialities have been grafted upon intrinsic production and grown into a legitimate economic system. Two of the three now uneconomic "economics" are forms of rent and are artificial because they are not intrinsic. Both are extrinsic forms of unearned increment. The third artificiality, unearned increment also, is so by way of traffic in machine-invention: another, less obvious, form of rent.

By the leverage of a mechanical acceleration never existing in the world before, the operation of these economic systems have been abnormally exaggerated and intensified.

The first and most important form of rent contributing most to poverty as a human institution and to the overgrowth of the cities is rent for land: land values, created by improvements or the growth of the community itself held by the fortuitous individual whose

claim to a lucky piece of realty is good-fortune "by law." The profits of this adventitious good-fortune create a series of white-collar satellites all subsisting by the sale, distribution, operation and collection of the various unearned increments arising from traffic in more or less lucky land. The skyscraper is this adventitious fortune's modern monument. The city is its natural home.

The second artificiality is rent for money. By way of the ancient Mosaic invention of "interest," money, in itself, becoming alive to go on continuously working to make all work useless. The profits earned by money as a premium placed upon the accretions of labor, create another adventitious form of good-fortune. More armies of white-collar satellites are created busily engaged in the sale, distribution, operation and collection of this form of increment, unearned except as the gratuitous, mysterious premium placed upon earnings earned it.

The modern city is its stronghold.

The third artificiality is the unearned increment of the machine: the profits of this now great common invention of mankind, by way of traffic in invention, captained and placed where they do not belong except as capitalistic centralization itself is a proper objective. Inevitably by this means, the profits of imaginative ingenuity in doing the work of the world are almost all funneled into the pockets of fewer and fewer captains of industry. Only in a small measure—except by gift from the captains—are these profits yet where they belong—with the man whose life is modified, given or sacrificed by this new common agency for doing the work of the world.

Armies of high powered salesmanship came into being to unload the senseless overvalues and over production, inevitable to this common machine-facility, upon the true owner of the machine; the man himself. In this third form of good-fortune another series of white-collar satellites arose, "selling." Selling by financing and collecting by threatening and foreclosure, or refinancing and "repossession." All, as a natural tendency, concentrating in fewer and fewer hands these various unearned increments, by the inevitable centripetal action of capitalistic centralization.

Now, to maintain in due force and legal effect all these various white-collar armies deriving from the three artificial "economic" factors and keep all dovetailing together smoothly, has inevitably exaggerated a simple natural human benefit. Government.

"That Government is best Government that is least Government" was the Jeffersonian ideal of these United States of America. But to keep peace and some show of equity between the lower passions busily engaged in getting money by these extraordinarily complicated forms of money-getting, legitimized by government, government ran away with government and itself became extraordinary. Another army of white-collarites to add to the other armies was the consequence. Major and minor courts, petty officials and their complex rulings themselves became this official army.

And now the multifarious laws enacted as complex expedients to make all function together bred, finally, still another white-collar army: the lawyers. It soon became impossible to hold, operate or distribute land, sell money or manufacture anything safely without the guide and counsel of these specialists in the extraordinary rules and regulations of this now involute game called machine age civilization. No wonder the interpretations of these specialists, themselves, are often in conflict.

These satellites of rent in its several forms, too, are natural minions and mentors of cities.

This group of artificialities, naturally depending upon a strong-arm status-quo and, too, upon an expedient religion wherein men were to be saved by faith rather than by their own works, taken all together constitute the traditional but exaggerated and unsafe substitute for a sound economic basis of human society in the United States. They subsist as the substructure of the outmoded city; the inorganic basis of the inorganic city now battening and feeding upon all intrinsic sources of intrinsic production.

These intrinsic sources are the men who by manual toil or by concentration of superior ability upon actual production, physical, aesthetic, intellectual or moral—render "value received" to human life.

THE VICTIM OF THE BATTLE OF INCREMENTS

Meantime, what of the subject, or object or living man-unit upon whom, by his voluntary subordination this extraordinarily complicated economic superstructure, has been imposed, erected, and functions as government and "business"? What about the man himself? The man who labors out of the earth essential sustenance for all and the material riches for industry? Where, in all this, is the agrarian, the mechanic, the artist, the teacher, the inventor, the scientist, the artisan, hewers of wood and drawers of water?

All are pretty much in the same caste, no longer masters of fortune. Fortunes being engendered and controlled by schemers employing artificialities of a complex economic system resting upon no sound, broad basis in intrinsic production nor in the nature of man's relation to his earth. And these three false systems of false fortune place a false premium upon ignoble traits of character. Moreover, the three systems of good-fortune being thus necessarily maintained by the strong arm of a forced legitimacy, that arm—however strong —must tire and periodically come down for a rest while confusion and misery descend upon all or all become confused and in alarm, seek cover of some kind—somehow.

Where then is the genuine artifex in this tower of an economic Babel that finds its apex and ideal in exaggerated buildings and exaggerated enterprises in exaggerated cities?

Well, centralization has conferred certain human benefits upon him by stimulating machine development and expert mechanics while meantime, the essential rightmindedness and decency of humanity—the artifex—has gone on working with the machines trying to cultivate beauty, justice, generosity and pity: worshipping the one god, no longer a statue hidden in a cave but a great spirit ruling all by principle.

This god of the artifex is now a free spirit allowing man choice between what is good for him and what is bad for him, so that in free exercise of individual choice he may himself grow to be godlike.

THE EXPERIMENT

Out of this confused life has come, gradually, the modern conception of God and man as growth—a concept called Democracy. And out of this concept, too, came the foundling: this nation conceived in liberty where all men were to have equal opportunity before the law; where vast territory, riches untouched, were inherited by all the breeds of the earth desiring freedom and courageous enough to come and take domain on the terms of the pioneer.

This new experiment in government soon became a great federation of states: these United States. A great nation harboring within its borders the adventuresome, the outcast, the cheated, the thwarted, the predatory worst and the courageous best, deserting previous nations.

With no corresponding revisions of traditional "property rights" the new country was founded upon this more just and therefore more complete freedom for the individual than any existing before in all the world: a government that should be "best government because least government." And a Thomas Jefferson crossing an Alexander Hamilton, a George Washington hand in hand with an Abraham Lincoln, a William Lloyd Garrison, a John Brown, an Emerson, a Whitman and a Thoreau, a Louis Sullivan, a Henry George—such were her sons. In them the original ideal was held, still clear. Then came, quickly, extreme private wealth by way of the three fortuitous money-getting systems, and soon commercial ascendancy and power outran culture. Unnatural reservoirs of capital made of little or no value such cultural understanding as the new country had. It was so easy to grow or gather or discover in the freshness and the first spoils of a new ground, that fortunes piled up overnight in hands least fitted to administer either power or wealth, and both were willing to buy whatever they liked and what they should have grown. The suddenly rich needed a culture that could be bought or taken ready made. The original idea grew more and more impractical. And such arts as had come to the new country with the decency of the early colonials naturally took ascendancy for a time. But, soon, with the advent of many

nationalities came eclecticism in art and architecture. Ready-made art and architecture became a pressing need as the nation itself rapidly became the greatest eclecticism of all time. As culture, ready-made thus became a necessity, the expedient became a virtue.

Here for the first time in history a self-determining people subscribing to an ideal of new freedom sprang into being as a nation with a collection of ready-made cultures to piece together as best it could into a makeshift composite. The incongruities were enormous and begot abortions. Abortion became convenient, therefore desirable. Culture as a convenience consisted, at best, in a form of rebirth of rebirths until nothing was, or could be, born. All culture came to be selected, artificially adapted and soon was, by way of education, arbitrarily applied by academic advice to growing power and to developing resources. Inevitably such applied culture failed to qualify as impregnator of new life or as adequate interpreter of the new ideal on which the life of the country was originally founded.

So, as the new nation arose in might and riches, its crude natural resources, as culture, aborted strange, borrowed or "adapted" forms. Perversion or pretension became everywhere manifest. The new life itself outgrew the old forms, making them unnatural, but there seemed to be no imaginative power to impregnate life with new and natural forms because no constructive lessons could be learned by eclectic imitation. All was by way of personal likes or dislikes—a form of license in the name of the "classical."

Culture, impotent while power was enormous, itself became enormity, took refuge and committed enormities in the name of classic conformity. Names and styles had authority. Fashion ruled. Impotence became honorable. It was safe.

At length, parasiticism was raised to the level of an academic culture in the "new freedom" as the consequence of such utter confusion of choice by way of what selectious taste could buy. This was inevitable because the God of principle that was to rule the rulers of the country founded upon a more just expression of human liberty than men knew before did not inspire the people with a more sensible interpretation of life in the arts and crafts of that life. And now, into this vital department of the human mind, "Tradition" itself has entered as itself—an eclecticism. Art and architecture that had previously existed as para-

site for five centuries imitated by parasites. Religion, too, sank to the level of eclecticism. This was necessary to maintain the general artificiality. The exploitation of the "formula" in all religion as well as in all art had right-of-way.

Any nation, eclectic by nature, perhaps, could only, in matters of culture thus breed "tastes" that could only turn to "taste" as culture.

And the "academic" mistook a setting sun for dawn! The "pseudo," by official and academic order, ruled the mind. "American Culture" became a following after into the general darkness. What could it do but stumble or fall away where life insisted upon life?

There could be nothing in any such culture that could grow anything genuine out of the new soil if it would, except, as wealth and vicarious power increased, to overgrow centralized cities upon the ground upon which we were so newly founded. The Ideal was so quickly betrayed by sudden-riches.

The Jeffersonian democratic ideal, inspiring in the beginning, lacked nourishment in culture and so languished. Except as a mask might be imposed by the draper and haberdasher functioning as artists and architects, and high powered salesmanship could sell both them and their product to the "successful," the facts of power and the surge of life of the new country were left to stand unqualified and ugly as mere necessity. But that naked necessity was better than their cultural mask.

Meantime Youth went to the professional eclecticism of the greatest colleges to be hopelessly confirmed as spiritual parasites.

. . . . . .

Thus has such culture as we have in the United States set itself up as something beautiful *on* life because we could not, or would not, learn how to be *of* life.

And life itself, as it is, goes on its subconscious and natural way in the channels of necessity performing the miracles to which culture itself now points with pride and wonder-

ment . . . astonished that such things can be. Culture itself had to be rejected in order that the miracles might be and the scale of man-movement be utterly changed.

These miracles of technical machine invention with which culture has had nothing to do and that in spite of misuse and abuse are forces with which culture and life itself have now to reckon, working toward a new freedom, are the internal combustion engine working as various forms of mobilization; various forms of electric intercommunication; steel, glass and automatic machines; modern architecture.

Given electrification, distances are all but annihilated so far as communication goes. Given the automatons of machinery, and human labor, relatively, disappears.

Given mechanical mobilizations, the steamship, airship, automobile, and mechanical human sphere of movement immeasurably widens by way of comparative flight.

Given a modern architecture, and man is a noble feature of the ground as the trees and streams are such features. An architecture for the individual becomes reasonable and possible. The individual comes into his own.

THE CASE FOR THE INDIVIDUAL

Buddha believed that only non-vicarious, that is to say individual, effort might reach the ultimate.

Jesus taught the dignity and worth of the individual developed from within as an individual, although Christianity perverted the teaching.

The Catholic Church discounting this ideal as every man for himself and the devil for the hindmost, emphasized the desirability of the utter disappearance of individuality which is more or less the politics of all agrarian peoples—but not their practice. The Protestants brought individuality, partially, back again. As a confused ideal. But some 500 years before Jesus the philosophy of the Chinese philosopher, Laotze, had a sense of individuality as achieved organic unity. Our own ideal social state, Democracy, was originally

conceived as some such organic unity—that is to say—the free growth of many individuals as units free in themselves, functioning together in a unity of their own making. This is the natural ideal of democracy we now need to emphasize and live up to in order to regain the ground we have lost to the big cities centralization has over built.

The "rugged individualism" that now captains our enterprises and becomes the "capitalist" is entirely foreign to this ideal of individuality. The actual difference between such "ism" and true individuality is the difference between selfishness and selfhood; the difference between sentiment and sentimentality; the difference between liberty and license.

And such individual "ism," literally "every man for himself and the devil for the hindmost," aggravated by the misuse of vicarious power has got native individuality into bad repute. Like the abuse of any good thing it is likely to bring on reactionary consequences. Signs of this reaction are not wanting. No counteraction can come from such culture as we have assumed because in such art as we know the personal idiosyncrasy as personality is too easily and generally mistaken for individuality. Sterility is the natural consequence of the vicarious exercise of power that is our modern characteristic, where creative ability should be concerned as individuality.

As a matter of fact until Usonians recognize that individuality is a high attribute of character, seldom common, always radical, and so always truly conservative, a matter of the soul: we have no defense.

Personality run to seed is not individuality. The will and the intellect working together for desire cannot make individuality. They can only make a human monster.

True individuality is, above all, an interior quality of the spirit or let us say individuality is organic spirituality—to couple two words almost never joined in our conversation or philosophy.

But it is a popular weakness or error to speak of spirituality as apart from the body, instead of its essential significance. Any true significance can only be the spiritual indication of whatever is material. If such significance is lacking, then life itself must be lacking. Wherever there is life there is significance. The insignificant is without life.

Individuality then may be said to be the organic significance of any person or any soul as distinguished from mere personality. So the true man is, always, from first to last concerned with significance in this sense and recognizes its integrity. Individuality, then, is such integrity whether of persons or of things.

Without individuality in this fundamental sense as a human integrity what life may there be but vicarious life only? There can never be great Life, so there can never be great Art.

Therefore we should be careful how we turn upon individuality sickened by flagrant abuses in its name. Capitalism may be individualism run riot. But individuality is something else. Necessarily it has nothing to do with capitalism, or communism, or socialism. The "ism" in any form has no individuality. The Formula has already taken its place when the "ist," the "ism" or the "ite" may be applied. And that was why all the great religious teachers—Jesus, Abdul Bahai, and Laotze especially—wanted no institutionalizing, no officialdom, not even disciples except as "fishers of men."

But human nature, by way of the human head, is yet weak and can only function on civilized lines, it seems, by way of the groove or the rail. Or more probably the rut.

So the rut is respectable and advised as "safe." And the rut is too often called law and order, when it should be seen and recognized as only the rut. Individuality soon becomes a menace to any form of rut-life. So rut-life turns against Individuality.

THE BROADACRE CITY

We are concerned here in the consideration of the future city as a future for individuality in this organic sense: individuality being a fine integrity of the human race. Without such integrity there can be no real culture whatever what we call civilization may be.

We are going to call this city for the individual the Broadacre City because it is based upon a minimum of an acre to the family.

And, we are concerned for fear systems, schemes, and "styles" have already become so expedient as civilization that they may try to go on in Usonia as imitation culture and so will indefinitely postpone all hope of any great life for a growing people in any such city the United States may yet have.

To date our capitalism as individualism, our eclecticism as personality has, by way of taste, got in the way of integrity as individuality in the popular understanding, and on account of that fundamental misunderstanding we, the prey of our culture-monger, stand in danger of losing our chance at this free life our charter of liberty originally held out to us.

I see that free life in the Broadacre City.

As for freedom; we have prohibition because a few fools can't carry their liquor; Russia has communism because a few fools couldn't carry their power; we have a swollen privatism because a few fools can't carry their "success" and money must go on making money.

If instead of an organic architecture we have a style formula in architecture in America, it will be because too many fools have neither imagination nor the integrity called individuality. And we have our present overgrown cities because the many capitalistic fools are contented to be dangerous fools.

A fool ordinarily lacks significance except as a cipher has it. The fool is neither positive nor negative. But by way of adventitious wealth and mechanical leverage he and his satellites—the neuters—are the overgrown city and the dam across the stream flowing toward freedom.

. . . . . .

It is only the individual developing in his own right (consciously or unconsciously) who will go, first, to the Broadacre City because it is the proper sense of the dignity and worth of the individual, as an individual, that is building that city. But after those with this sense

FIND THE CITIZEN

the others will come trailing along into the communal-individuality that alone we can call Democracy.

But before anything of significance or consequence can happen in the culture of such a civilization as ours, no matter how that civilization came to be, individuality as a significance and integrity must be a healthy growth or at least growing healthy. And it must be a recognized quality of greatness.

In an organic modern architecture, all will gladly contribute this quality, as they may, in the spirit that built the majestic cathedrals of the middle-ages. That medieval spirit was nearest the communal, democratic spirit of anything we know. The common-spirit of a people disciplined by means and methods and materials, in common, will have—and with no recognized formula—great unity.

. . . . . .

Already the centripetal city is itself an "ism" for ists and ites. Individuality has no longer a place in it more important than a burrow. Individuality is driven into nooks and corners or thwarted or aborted: frustrated by the mass-life only competing with, never completing, life.

So no healthy human-soul may longer grow or long survive in the vicarious life of the machine-made city because life, there, must be a surrender of true correlation of the human faculties to the expedient in some form; expedients imposed senselessly upon every soul in it to no purpose at all—except as they may be found to be some form of rent.

Voluntary self-sacrifice may be constructive. But to be condemned to the servile sacrifice of a voluntary life-long use of petty expedients to get by to, eventually, nowhere, is quite another matter. The human soul grows by what it gives as well as by what it feeds on. But the soul does not grow by what is exacted from it. Urban life having served its term is

become a life-sentence of vicarious acts and the petty exaction of the expedient. A life outmoded. The big city is no longer modern.

CHANGE

Let us say that before the advent of universal and standardized mechanization, the city was more human. Its life as well as its proportion was more humane.

In planning the city, spacing was based, fairly enough, on the human being on his feet or sitting in some trap behind a horse, or two. Machinery had yet brought no swifter alternative. And a festival of wit, a show of pomp and a revel of circumstance rewarded life there in the original circumstances for which the city was planned. So, originally the city was a group life of powerful individualities true to life, conveniently enough spaced. This better life has already left the modern city, as it may, either for travel or the country estate. And such genius as the city has known for many a day is recruited from the country: the foolish celebrant of his "success," as such, seeking the city as a market, only to find an insatiable maw devouring quantity instead of protecting quality—eventually devouring himself as it is now devouring itself. "Fish for sale in the marketplace" but none in the streams. Frequent escape is already essential to any life at all in the overgrown city which offers nothing to the individual in bondage he cannot better find on terms of freedom in the country.

What, then, is the overgrown city for? The necessity that chained the individual to city life is dead or dying away. It is only as life has been taken from him and he has accepted substitutes offered to him that the "citizen" now remains.

The fundamental unit of space-measurement has so radically changed that the man now bulks ten to one and in speed a thousand to one as he is seated in his motor car. This circumstance would render the city obsolete. Like some old building the city is inhabited only because we have it, feel we must use it and cannot yet afford to throw it away to build

the new one we know we need. We will soon be willing to give all we have, to get this new freedom that is ours for our posterity, if not for ourselves.

Devouring human individuality invariably ends in desertion. Eventually, as history records, it invariably ends in the destruction of the devourer.

Instead of being modern in any phase the devourer is senile in every phase.

THE WHIRLING VORTEX BUILT FROM THE TOP DOWN

The overgrown city of the United States stands, thus, enforced upon our undergrown social life as a false economy.

Like some tumor grown malignant, the city, like some cancerous growth, is become a menace to the future of humanity. Not only is the city already grown so far out of human scale by way of commercial exploitation of the herd instinct that the human being as a unit is utterly lost, but the soul, properly citified, is so far gone as to mistake exaggeration for greatness, mistake a vicarious power for his own power, finding in the uproar and verticality of the great city a proof of his own great quality. The properly citified citizen, reduced to a pleasing inferiority in the roar of congestion and terrific collision of forces, sees in this whirling exaggeration, his own greatness. He is satisfied to have greatness, too, vicarious.

But who, coming into New York, say, for the first time, could feel otherwise than that we were a "great" people to have raised the frame of such a relentless commercial engine so cruelly high, and hung so much book-architecture upon it regardless, at such cost?

Such energy, too, as has poured into a common center here to pile up material resources by way of riches in labor and materials and wasted attempts at "decoration," cramming the picturesque outlines of haphazard masses upon the bewildered eye peering from the black shadows down below? We see similar effects wherever irresistible force has broken and tilted up the earth's crust. Here is a volcanic crater of blind, confused, human

forces pushing together and grinding upon each other, moved by greed in common exploitation, forcing anxiety upon all life. No noble expression of life, this. But, heedless of the meaning of it all, seen at night, the monster aggregation has myriad, haphazard beauties of silhouette and reflected or refracted light. The monster becomes rhythmical and does appeal to the love of romance and beauty. It is, then, mysterious and suggestive to the imaginative, inspiring to the ignorant. Fascinating entertainment this mysterious gloom upon which hang necklaces of light, through which shine clouds of substitutes for stars. The streets become rhythmical perspectives of glowing dotted lines, reflections hung upon them in the streets as the wistaria hangs its violet racemes on its trellis. The buildings are a shimmering verticality, a gossamer veil, a festive scene-drop hanging there against the black sky to dazzle, entertain and amaze.

The lighted interiors come through it all with a sense of life and well being. At night the city not only seems to live. It does live—as illusion lives.

And then comes the light of day. Reality. Streams of beings again pouring into the ground, "holing in" to find their way to this or that part of it, densely packed into some roar and rush of speed to pour out somewhere else. The sordid reiteration of space for rent. The overpowering sense of the cell. The dreary emphasis of narrowness, slicing, edging, niching and crowding. Tier above tier the soulless shelf, the empty crevice, the winding ways of the windy, unhealthy canyon. The heartless grip of the selfish, grasping universal stricture. Box on box beside box. Black shadows below with artificial lights burning all day in the little caverns and squared cells. Prison cubicles. Above it all a false, cruel, ambition is painting haphazard, jagged, pretentious, feudal skylines trying to relieve it and make it more humane by lying about its purpose. Congestion, confusion and the anxious spasmodic to and fro—stop and go. At best the all too narrow lanes, were they available, are only fifty per cent effective owing to the gridiron. In them roars a bedlam of harsh sound and a dangerous, wasteful, spasmodic movement runs in these narrow village lanes in the deep shadows. Distortion.

This man-trap of gigantic dimensions, devouring manhood, denies in its affected riot of personality any individuality whatsoever. This Moloch knows no god but "More."

Nowhere is there a clear thought or a sane feeling for good life manifest. In all, even in the libraries, museums and institutes is parasitic make-believe or fantastic abortion. But, if the citizenry is parasitic, the overgrown city itself is barbaric in the true meaning of the word. As good an example of barbarism as exists.

How could it be otherwise?

Some thriving little village port driven insane by excess: excess of such success as current business ideals or principles knows as such. And it is nothing more than much more of much too much already.

The finer human sensibilities become numb.

And even the whole callous, commercial enterprise, pretentious as such, stalls its own engine!

Otherwise the interests that built the city and own it, and spend millions upon it and devote such prowess in the arts as we have to making its purpose—rent—acceptable to the millions, are in immediate danger of running each other down in the perennial race for bigger and better building bait for bewildered tenants, as the factual forces that built the city out of this competition for swarming tenantry in one form or another, built it only to tear it down.

THE FORCES THAT ARE TEARING THE CITY DOWN

Let us turn, now, to these forces that are thrusting at the city to see how they will, eventually, return such human nature as survives this festering acceleration, body and soul to the soil, and, in course of time, repair the damage cancerous overgrowth has wrought upon the life of the United States.

As one force working toward the destruction that is really emancipation, we have already mentioned the reawakening of the slumbering primitive-instinct of the wandering

tribe that has come down the ages and intermingled with the instincts of the cave dweller.

The active physical forces that are now trained inevitably against the city are now on the side of this space loving primitive because modern force, by way of electrical, mechanical and chemical invention are volatilizing voice, vision and movement-in-distance in all its human forms until spaciousness is scientific. So the city is already become unscientific in its congested verticality and to the space loving human being, intolerable. The unnatural stricture of verticality can not stand against natural horizontality.

As another force—a moving spiritual force—the fresh interpretation to which we have referred as a superb ideal of human freedom—Democracy comes to our aid. Our own new spiritual concept of life will find its natural consequences in the life we are about to live. We are going to move with that new spiritual concept the nation has been calling Democracy only half comprehending either ideal or form. This ideal is becoming the greatest subconscious spiritual moving force now moving against the city with new factual resources.

Surviving instincts of the freedom-loving primitive; these new instruments of civilization we call the machines working on new and super materials, together with this great new ideal of human freedom, Democracy: these are three great organic agencies at work, as yet only partly conscious but working together to overthrow the impositions and indirection that have fostered and exaggerated the city as an exaggerated form of selfish concentration. No longer do human satisfactions depend upon density of population.

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Let us glance at these new agencies at work as machines upon the super-materials that are forcing changes upon this "best of all possible worlds" and go, more in detail, into this new sense of freedom already at work as Modern Architecture.

THE NEW STANDARD OF SPACE MEASUREMENT

In previous times, too much legwork being objectionable, and as human intercommunication could only be had by personal contacts, integration, commercial or social, was difficult—if it was not wholly lacking except as the city was a close built mart, a general meeting place and a distributing center. So, cities originally grew that way to serve a human need. Human concentration was once upon a time, a necessity and not unmixed evil. Cities grew, as said before, as some organism within the organism that is our body grew, a non-malignant, fibrous tumor, say. The acceleration of circulation and activity characterizing the parasitic tumor characterized the centralized concentration called the city, as compared with the normal course of life in relation to natural environment and agrarian or industrial work over wide agrarian areas. The cities of ancient civilization so grew, originally, to relieve a lack of such integration as is now modern and they have all perished. European cities have resisted skyscraper exploitation and are, still, nearer to human scale. But now, owing to organic change, assuming malignant character, our skyscraper exploited cities must continue to grow as symptoms of disease that is relieved by fever and discharging matter. Or death.

But to take a less abhorrent view, cities were the centralization needed by the unorganized life of the country and on terms of concentration necessary then, they served and, resisting exploitation, survived. But our American cities accepting such exaggeration with pride, have sucked the substance and the spirit of the very life they "centralized." The country once needed the city just as the city needed the country because of the physical inabilities of overcoming distance owing to the necessities of such primitive communications as were then at work. But more and more as those primitive limitations disappeared by way of developed invention, the new discoveries of science and the increasing use of labor-saving devices upon super-materials, these new devices and resources perverted the city, and enabled the city to absorb more and more from the country life what the city could never repay.

Finally, by force of thoughtless habit, the principal effect of all these powerful,

fundamental, new physical resources which humanity itself has developed has been, in confusion, to exaggerate the no longer necessary city into a threat against life itself.

Owing to the pressure of these fundamental changes the fever and the excitation of the urban ganglia have not only grown phenomenal. They have grown deadly.

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To look at the plan of any great city is to look at the cross section of some fibrous tumor. Seen in the light of present space needs there is unnatural concentration of tissue, an accelerated but painfully forced circulation.

Out of essential concentration centripetal centralization became the industrial economic force at work, unchecked. Unchecked. What force can check centralization?

Centralization, the social force that made kings, is the economic force that overbuilt cities. Centralization, by way of the leverage of the vicarious power of machinery, has now proved to be something that, winding up space tighter and tighter, is like a centripetal device revolving at increasing speed until, out of control entirely turning centrifugal, it is ended only by dissipation or destruction. Centralization as a centripetal force knows acceleration. What other control?

Government? No.

Only human intelligence grasping machine-power exaggeration and interference in behalf of humanity in order to employ machines as organic agencies industrial, social, moral, of a new freedom: in this lies the only salvation from such urban centralization as the big city has become and the future of the machine age if the machine age has any future.

THE NATURE OF MODERN RESOURCES

We have already mentioned these machine-age agencies of the new freedom which centralization itself has done much to bring to efficiency and that have immeasurably widened the areas of man-movement. But to reiterate:

Agency number one. Electrification: so far as communication is concerned, the city may now scatter. There is little advantage in a few blocks apart over ten miles apart or a thousand miles so far as communication went or goes. Human thought has long ago been rendered ubiquitous by printing. But now not only thought but speech and movement become volatile. First the telegraph, then the telephone, then mobilization, now the radio, soon television and safe flight.

Agency number two: Steam had congested and coupled as short as possible all human devices for living comforts. Enters, the internal combustion engine that might safely ride anywhere, smoothly working as it went. The motor-ship, the automobile, and the airplane came along; and so far as human movement by transport went, a few hundred feet had little advantage over a mile, and a mile not much advantage over ten. Hard roads began to be developed as avenues of swift, continuous motor communication.

Agency number three: Mechanical systems of refrigeration, heating and lighting make dependence upon the centralized service systems of the city unnecessary and of small account or economy.

Agency number four: The new meterials, steel-in-tension and concrete, glass and broad, thin, cheap sheets of metal and similar sheets of insulation make a new type of building possible by way of machinery that may open to environment and broaden the life of the individual in relation to the ground.

Agency number five: The mass production of the machine, shop fabrications can now make expensive utilities and accommodations cheap for all concerned instead of questionable luxuries for the few.

So, naturally enough, here come the means to take all the real advantages of the

centralization known as the big city into the regional field we call the countryside and unite them with the features of the ground in that union we call modern architecture in that native creation we call the beauty of the country. The disadvantages of the city may all be left behind, for "finance" and prostitution until they too become regenerate.

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Modern architecture now comes with its new demand for a finer integrity to unite "modern-improvements" in the service of the individual. Integration as against centralization is the true corollary of the ideal "Democracy" and decentralization and integration come in as architecture to go to work over the whole land to create a better basis and recreate the framework and background of a modern life run too far out of human scale. Man must now be brought back to his inheritance that he may be a whole man. Nor is there longer excuse for him to be the parasite that centralization has been making of him.

But all these new forms of liberation are not yet working freely for mankind in this way. They are not yet owned by the man. They are owned by the forces of centralization that own the cities and mechanically so far as may be they are warped to triplex economic distortion instead of being devoted to the conservation of a growing human life.

Nevertheless, we may be sure that "all one does for or against the truth serves it equally well."

It is well within the internal nature and power of these forces, themselves organic, to destroy these systems that blindly usurp and warp them and deprive humanity, for the time being, of all but a small fragment of the benefits of new resources in machine power and super-materials.

The practical solution is a matter of social structure. But it is more a matter of what we call architecture. It is modern architecture that must lead the way out of this blind collision

of forces and away from the perversions of our democratic ideal. End a waste of life not natural to our experiment in civilization.

Let us learn to see life as organic architecture and learn to see organic architecture as life. Be sure that great life will have a great architecture.

WHAT THE TRAFFIC PROBLEM REALLY MEANS TO THE MAN IN THE STREET

In art or architecture any imitative eclecticism, however sophisticated, is only some form of sentimentality. At best it can be no more than some exploitation of something ready-made. At worst it is a kind of thievery. The jackdaw, the magpie, the cuckoo. The monkey.

The "Experiment" has consciously known the artist only as a sophisticate sentimentalist. The sentimentalist, at the moment, be it said, is trying hard to see himself as a functionalist. But the sentimentalist's faith learns no such lessons and, to date, his effort is only another form of his usual expediency—imitative eclecticism.

Too long the artist has tried to pick and choose his "effects" ready made and opportunely lead his life instead of letting life lead him, and teach him how to work and live honestly and effectively.

The artist's faith still lies, as it has since the birth of the republic, in expedients. So long as he remains "unnatural" how can he build for the future?

Only the radical faith that keeps faith with radical life itself is practical where any true building is to be done.

So, let us approach the traffic problem as a human problem—that is the essential problem the congested city now presents—not as mere tinker or as some garage-mechanic, nor childish, try to tear the out-moded city down to get the green pastures in and set the city up in them again on its old site—feudal towers only a little further apart.

Vested interests once invested cannot be divested except by agreement. They will not agree.

With an architect's vision, let us observe the natural law of organic growth at work upon the city as change: seeking the sequence to provide for inevitable consequences.

Enough blind-alley nonsense has been talked about congestion, by skyscraperites, obscuring the simple issue. Of what practical use is this expedient imagery of super-space-makers for rent? To enable super-landlords to have and to hold the super-millions in super-concentration to make super-millions of superfluous millions?

For organic reasons the "traffic-problem" as we call the more obvious problem of the city streets is insoluble for the future on any basis satisfactory to human life within any busy city we have.

The instincts of the amorphous human herd exploited by the city, swarm with the swarm in the erstwhile village streets, but the swarm is taking wing—or to wheels which is much the same thing because increased facilities of lateral movement are comparative flight. A fond human dream is about to be realized.

By means of the motor car and the collateral inventions that are here with it, the horizon of the individual has immeasurably widened. It is significant that not only have space-values entirely changed with the new standard: It is more important that the new sense of spacing based upon the man in his motor car is now at work upon the man himself. Any ride high into the air in any elevator to-day only shows him how far he can soon go on the ground. And it is this view of the horizon that gives him the desire to go. If he has the means he goes. He has the means—his car—and his horizon widens as he goes.

This physical release is at work upon his character.

His selfish interests might easily multiply and pile him up senselessly in tiers of cells, ad infinitum when he got his release and may still do so. Still dazed by his new freedom, he is like some bird born in captivity to whom the door of his cage has been opened. Some-time, soon, he will learn that he can fly and when he learns that he is free, he is gone.

After all he is the city? So the city is going where and as he goes, and he will be gone where he may enjoy all that the centralized city ever really gave him plus the security, freedom and beauty of the ground that will be his.

That means that the citizen is going to the country with his machine by means of the machine, in larger sense, that is opening the way for him to be a better citizen in a better city in a better country.

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Considering this traffic-problem, reflect that the present city is yet only about one tenth the motor car city it will be, if machine made promises to the man tied to the machine are ever kept. Any dutiful devotion to the machine on his part to-day should mean a motor car, comparative flight—or it means a moron for a citizen. Or a maniac. The citizen and his increase either have a car or dream of having one, envying the neighbor the one or two or three which he already has.

If grid-iron congestion is crucifixion now, what will the "grid-iron" be like when multiplied within a few years as many times by "success" as is inevitable?

Roughly, calculate the mass of machines that machine-age "success" must mean to the overgrown city of one of several to six million people. More than one half the number of private cars; perhaps one twenty-fifth as many trucks and as many delivery machines; one fiftieth as many busses displacing street car tracks and unwholesome subways; thousands of taxi-cabs cruising about meantime. With room enough for each incidental transient, in his machine-bulk, to function at all lengthwise, the mass would fill the busy city channels above the tenth story.

Allowing for the criss-cross on the gridiron, making every street only half-time efficient and the mass would double and pile up over the skyscrapers themselves. Call this exaggeration and cut it in two—then cut it in two again, to be rash. There will be enough left, at the rate of increase "success" will bring, to put Manhattan and its kind out of commission with its own motors and those of inevitable transients in streets that can at best be but fifty per cent efficient owing to the crisscross of the gridiron.

And reflect upon the fact that the motor car has just begun on the cities. Then why deck or double deck or triple deck city-streets at a cost of billions of dollars only to invite further increase and eventually meet inevitable defeat?

Why not allow citizenship to keep the billions it would have to pay for "decking" to buy more motor cars and get out and get more out of living in a more natural and fruitful life as freedom dawns on the citizen as for him? As the new freedom of our ideal dawns, the utility of the city vanishes by way of the machine that built it.

Yes, democracy means just that freedom for the citizen, by machine, if the machine is going to work for the citizen; and who can stop it now from going to work for him voluntarily as it is working involuntarily?

Let us repeat: monarchy was the ideal of centralization . . . the unit—no emphasis upon individuality—compelled to revolve around about a common center, so democracy is the ideal of integration . . . many units free in themselves built up high in the quality of individuality, functioning together in freedom.

Consider that monarchy has fallen. It mortified democratic individuality. And our capitalistic system, if it persists as a form of centralization, stands to fall for the same reason. Electrified mechanical-forces employed in building our modern world are now, by nature outmoding it and turning upon it to destroy it.

Centripetal centralization, whether as the city, the factory, the school or farm, now not only has the spiritual forces of democracy to work against, but by way of this traffic-problem has the enormous power of the machine-age setting in, dead against it because it is in the nature of universal or ubiquitous mobilization that the city spreads out far away and thin.

It is in the nature of flying that it disappears.

It is in the nature of universal electrification that the city is nowhere or everywhere.

Centralization, by way of the Usonian city, has had a big day but not a relatively long day. As a matter of course it is not dead yet. But it is easy, now, to see that it is no longer either a necessity or a luxury. Universal mobilization of the human animal, volatilization of

his thought, voice and vision are making the city as troublesome interference to human life as "static" is troublesome to radio.

Already the man may get more out of his new release, by way of increased facility for lateral movement, than ever came to him before in the history of his race. Imagine, then, what is coming to him in the next twenty-five years!

Democracy reintegrated as the systematized integration of small individual units built up high in quality of individuality is a practical and rational ideal of freedom: machine in hand. Division of the exaggerated commercial-enterprise into more effective smaller units and reintegration over the whole surface of the nation—this is now no less practical. Communal ownership by way of taxation of all communal resources is not necessarily communism, as Henry George pointed out with complete logic. It may be entirely democratic.

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So the Broadacre City is not only the only democratic city. It is the only possible city looking toward the future. Exaggerated vertical lanes of transport impinging upon congested, narrow horizontal lanes; tall channels as "courts" ruinous to privacy, makeshifts for light and air in offices or habitations, towering concrete shelves and pigeonholes for human dwellings, these are landlord expedients to have done with. They are no human solution of any "traffic problem" because there is no life in them. There is only rent. As for the proposed improvement, "by modernism," securing privacy by hermetically sealed and blinded buildings, hot air circulating between two glass surfaces opaque or transparent, that proposed expedient means to heat the inside and the outside impartially—50-50—with no gratitude from the outside. And 1000 people to the "hectare" (two and a half acres) is looking not so far ahead. That is, now, 990 too many.

THE NEW IDEA OF LUXURY

None may say how far man's liberation may go by proper use of the mechanical resources developed in the past century and by proper use of the new materials like steel and glass in the new spirit of an organic architecture.

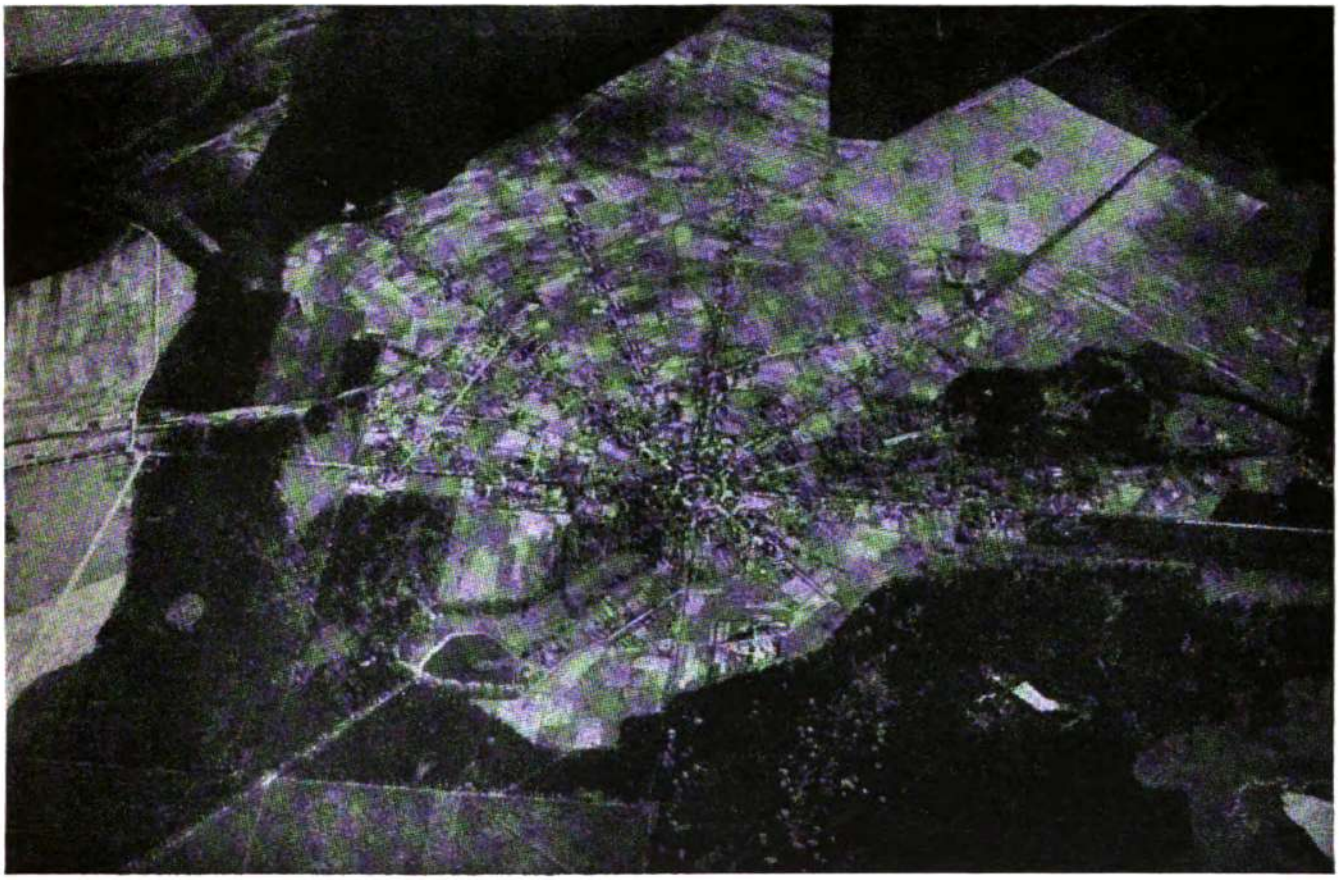
Trained imagination of the same mind is needed to harness modern machines to higher uses, in order to get out of them what they have to give to expand human life.

A new idea of luxury and beauty is needed and must grow up, naturally here among us.

Power directly and simply applied to purpose is the clear basis of any such aesthetic expression now as is either utile or operative in this twentieth century. Machine-age luxury will consist more and more in the appropriate use and intelligent limitation of the machine at work in the making of the new patterns for the new life.

But why try to make buildings look as hard as machines? That means that life is as hard as machines, too. Why confound romance with sentimentality and so destroy both? Modern buildings should have the beauty that any well-balanced machine has, but before all, that is only the basis for beauty, however novel at the moment, the assertion of the negation. Machine-power directly and simply applied to purpose is only the basis for buildings because it has been discovered that a single mechanical unit may be indefinitely repeated in construction or use, and yet infinite variety of form and scheme may be the given result in hands guided by creative imagination.

It has been discovered, too, that severe standardization is no bar at all to even greater freedom in self-expression than was ever known before, if by self-expression we mean genuine individuality and not personal idiosyncrasy. And these two discoveries are the magna charta of the new liberty into which the architect may now go by way of machinery and go in his own machine into a modern architecture. And the man himself may go to join the more natural group of the more natural buildings of the more natural Broadacre City of the Twentieth Century.



FUTILE PATTERN. THE PRESENT CITY

All unknown to the citizen, that city has already begun to be built on the ground where he belongs.

Only short-sighted interests can deny that the present day city, in the light of our new opportunities, has become a stricture in distribution and transport; a handicap in production; an imposition upon family life. And the family holds within itself the seeds of the future! The traffic problem is not a symptom of urban success but evidence of urban failure. Make the ground available by modifying the terms of ownership to the man that can make good use of it, and the new city will grow fast. Otherwise it will grow but grow more slowly and by greater suffering. What then is the thought that is modern and working for the organic change that is growth?

WHAT THOUGHT—AS MODERN—IS BRINGING RELIEF?

Well—certainly not the same old thought that made our American cities a landlord's triumph.

Certainly not the same old thought that has impoverished our agrarian areas . . . and offers—"relief"?

Certainly not the same old thought that turns America's youth into white-collar men, and sends them to the city in search of a job . . . a job where at least one hand may be kept in the pocket!

Certainly not the same old thought that has made of our economic system a legalized "strong arm" that must weaken periodically to come down for a "rest" while we all gravitate toward starvation in the midst of plenty.

Nor can we imagine it to be the same old thought that looked for freedom by way of arbitrary laws having no foundation in basic economic structure nor in the character of our ideal, resulting only in senseless reiterations by political cowardice, of falsehood: drifting

again toward the same old impotence or cataclysm of centralization of which all civilizations, hitherto, have died.

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That same old thought has made of this form of centralization we call the city a conspiracy against manlike freedom just as it made American architecture a bad form of surface-decoration; and just as, now,—a typical if minor instance of impotence—it can offer for the fifth time only the same old Columbian Fair of 1893 with its face lifted, as progress, to mark our greatness in 1933.

That same old thought, as we may now see, places most of its premiums upon baser qualities and by way of privileges in property held out, always just ahead of him, tends to make the man a form of property himself.

The "same old thought" continues to standardize him as a piece of property in behalf of property, or breaks him.

That "same old thought" drives our universities to deprive the American youth of such correlation as he has, turning his mind into an empty tool box by throwing books at his head.

That "same old thought" makes the banker a wary professional acquisitive, by banking on Yesterday stalling or betraying Tomorrow.

That "same old thought" immures the man in the same old man-trap . . . the skyscraper Bedlam . . . where machine power emasculates him to the consistency of the machine-made moron, when machine power can have no meaning whatever except to help make him a man and set him free.

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That "same old thought", simply stated, is this:—the mistake that everything or anything at all worth any man's time can be made to happen by outside means or be the result of some external idea of form. And it is the confusing survival of such exterior ideal as characterized the pagan civilizations upon which we have nurtured our youth and after which we have patterned our institutions. From this we have derived the pretentious Usonian culture we try to apply on the surface. All, inorganic.

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What then is this idea we call modern?

Life as organic architecture and organic architecture as life.

The enlarged means of to-day employing super-materials and machine power, allowed to be to-day, not yesterday, is modern.

But more important still the new democratic conception of man-freedom where life or land or humanity itself is concerned, is modern.

The dignity and worth of the individual as an individual—not the mere personal idiosyncrasy—ancient as the ideal is, as basis for life or art is modern.

The sense of the within unfolding, by interior content to achieve genuine expression as individuality, ancient as Laotze at least, is modern . . . modern in manhood, modern in government: but especially modern in education and slowly and painfully becoming modern in art.

True simplicity seen as the countenance of organic-integrity in all man-made life-concerns: that, as it ever was—outward form, only, now changed—is modern.

Infinitely these new integrities have new possibilities in making a modern life for the machine-age.

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And modern architecture, it must be, will grasp the integrity of this modern demand of modern life for a new and higher spiritual order of living: perceiving finer integrity in a more livable human simplicity than was the necessary basis for such architecture as we have had.

The new enlarged means of to-day used to increase spaciousness in human living and bring back appropriate sense of space in human life itself will give us the Broadacre City, complete. Modern.

If you can see the extended highway as the horizontal line of Usonian freedom, then you will see the modern Usonian city approaching.

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And it is now modern to hate the waste of power and be suspicious of this opportunity to be vicarious that is forced upon the human being by the senseless reiteration of insignificance we call the city.

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It is now modern no longer to build or consent to live in the prettified cavern or take pleasure in the glorified cave. Such vainglory is not only antique, but worse, it is now false. Improved conditions of life make it not merely an expedient but an impediment.

So it is modern to believe in, to see as new, and to seek for organic simplicity and see it as the fine countenance of this machine age in which we live.

Modern architecture sees this new simplicity working up out of the ground into the sunlight as no box, no boxment, nor any burrow in any overgrown city whatever. When the citizen himself sees this, the modern Broadacre City has come into being for him. He is "on his way" there.

Modern architecture sees all of life in terms of this future city although modernism can not do so.

Nevertheless, walls as solid-walls, everywhere building is sensible, are vanishing.

The heavy bulks of building material, hollowed out as caves to live in, are gradually disappearing with the fortifications that protected the might of feudal estate, just as shadows vanish.

No free man in a modern America needs to "box up" or "hole in" any longer for "protection" in any building or burrow in any city whatever. Our country, notwithstanding "vested interests," is gradually becoming as free as our own ideal must eventually and naturally make it. I see all the resources in power and material we have, working now to make our ideal of freedom come true in these United States. What need have we, longer, for master or slave however disguised? Or for lord and serf? Where is the need for more imitation of the exaggerated feudal-masonry defenses of a foregone, outlived human enmity by whatever name urban "interests" may choose to call them? Or for whatever purpose they may be thought to be appropriate decoration.

In a genuine democracy, in modern circumstances, no man needs longer to live as the savage animal as man was once compelled to live. Any man may now live as the free being the best of him has always dreamed of being and as our experiment declared he would have the opportunity to be.

Modern architecture then simply reinterprets our own ideal of human freedom and naturally seeks the spaciousness, openness, lightness and strength that is so completely logical that it is bound, on its way, to scatter a diseased urbanism first into the regional field and then—as inadvertent disease is absorbed—into the circulation of the healthy body that is the whole country.

These modern gifts of glass; these modern gifts of steel-in-tension; these modern gifts of electro-magnetic science—all these gifts begin for us a new era as soon as we begin

to use them in the light of ancient principles but new ideals of form. So simple and fundamental are the natural agents of this new freedom for mankind that they are already all in the citizen's hands. If he will take them, as they are, they are his means to modern life.

Facility to roam the sky or ground and yet live with the perfect freedom of vision that will relate him to the ground and all that the ground should still mean to him, is already possible.

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Architectural values are human values or they are not valuable. So any true modern building is born of organic integration and rises, as the modern city rises, enemy to centralization in whatever form. Both building and city are now true sun-growth and true sun-acceptance or not modern. The building itself may be a shaft of light flashing in the sun. And both building and city be no less true defense against time and against the elements than ever.

Modern architecture may be no less true shield for whatever privacy humanity desires or needs, but it may be indestructible machine-made fabric of light metals, woven in webs of turquoise, blue or green and gold and silver or the deep hues of bronze. Or the building may be visible as all together and as the integral patterns of a free life.

But organic architecture does demand the ground made available on some fair basis to those who can use it as intrinsic human value as are all the other elements. Once emancipated from the tyranny of the "lucky lot" area wherever it may lie, the building will stand free or lie long and lie low, flowing lazily on the mesa or upon the ledges of the hillsides. Any building public, private or industrial may now be a shaft or a streak of light, enmeshed in metal strands, as music is made of notes. But what is any building, as architecture, without intimate relation to the ground? No more than a man-trap or a landlord's ruse.

Organic architecture, as life itself, can no longer allow the man himself to crawl toward any dubious, impotent past, blind to the forces that ruined the past and to the new constructive forces that waken for us in our age of the machine.

Why should stupid faith—in the name of loyalty—in doctorial facts of sentimentalized academic culture result, for him, only in an afterglow of feudalism?

Why, still fearful, must he go along with the academic "interests" that have betrayed his own life in our own age by way of sentimentalized abuse of all noble traditions? Modern architecture, only, is true to tradition.

THE ARCHITECT

America cannot afford to believe that great art, as her interpreter, is moribund. And the logical interpreter, perhaps the only one who can now show us the way is an organic modern architecture. The other arts are not yet awake, though they have lately shown signs of awakening.

We must believe in our country, and that means, we must believe that the ancient power that built great civilizations, to die, still lives to build a greater one, to live. We know that ancient cities are dead because of the exterior ideals of an external life that prevailed and withered away such life as they had.

But we know, too, the same human power that was theirs, multiplied infinitely now by the new leverage of mechanical forces may build a new city for us that will live indefinitely as the new architecture of a greater ideal belonging to the new ground of a fresh life.

This "new" ideal, having lived in the human heart two thousand five hundred years, finally founded this great Union of States. An experiment. If the "Experiment" is to succeed this union must now turn from centralization that was monarchic to the segregation and integration that is democratic. That means to turn toward the greater freedom of a life for the individual as individual, based squarely with the ground, some such life as life would be in the Broadacre City.

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In the Broadacre City of modern architecture the individual home of the individual family group, more directly related to transport, distribution and publicity than in the present city will enjoy in the country a freedom, a richness of life, no city ever yet gave, because it never had it to give.

So, the present city, feudal terms and feudal thinking now changed only to terms of commerce, has nothing to give the citizen, even commercialized, because centralization having no vital forces of regeneration, is grown old. This survival of the feudal type of city, the only one we have, seems only to conspire, as a hang-over of habit, to beguile the man from his birthright in freedom the high-priests of our culture singing false hymns to vicarious power in hypocritical language never understood and comprehended, least of all, by those who sang the hymns. Manifestly theme songs are now out of key, false in the singing and to the singers, as impotence slowly imprisons the citizen. Impotence is the price of his mistaking an artificial machine-power for his own. And impotence is the price of his artificial career and his habitual practice of an artifice without art.

The false atonement "big" centralization has asked of him in the name of "big-business" is inability to create. Impotence.

THE TRUE ATONEMENT

When man shall build a building, a society, a life, as himself, inspired by nature in this modern interior sense, training his imagination to see life as the architect trains his imagination to see the nature of glass as glass, to see the nature of steel as steel, and see the nature of the time, the place, and the hour, eager to be himself, harmonious with nature, as the trees are native to the wood or the grass to the field, then the individual as a citizen, will rise high in the communal life of a civilization. And, supreme to all about him he can not fail to make the communal life the richer for his own riches. That faith is the faith of Democracy. Human values are life giving not life taking.

GENERAL VIEW OF THE BROADACRE CITY OF THE FUTURE BASED UPON THE NEW SCALE OF SPACING

In the City of Yesterday ground space was reckoned by the square foot. In the City of Tomorrow ground space will be reckoned by the acre: an acre to the family. This seems a modest minimum if we consider that if all the inhabitants of the world were to stand upright together they would scarcely occupy the island of Bermuda. And reflect that in these United States there is more than 57 acres of land, each, for every man, woman and child within its borders.

On this basis of an acre to the family architecture would come again into the service, not of the landlord, but of the man himself as an organic feature of his own ground. Architecture would no longer be merely adapted, commercialized space to be sold and resold by taximeter—no more standing room than competition demands.

Ground space is the essential basis of the new city of a new life.

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The present form of the motor car is crude and imitative compared with the varied forms of fleet machines, beautiful as such, manufacturers will soon be inclined or be soon compelled to make.

The flying machine is yet a more or less extravagant, experimental form, unwieldy in scale, and with its exaggerated wings imitating a bird it is yet a hostage that gives itself to the mercy of the elements. No more than a primitive step in evolution.

Teletransmissions of sight and sound, too, are not only experimental they are in their infancy as is the intelligence to which their operation is entrusted.

We are justly proud of the great network of highways, the hardroads systems of the country. But they too are in their infancy. We are only just beginning to build them.

Young as the highway system is, however, it requires but little imagination to see in the great highway and see in the power of all these new resources of machines and materials a new physical release of human activity within reach of everyone . . . not only as adventure and romance with nature but a basis for safer, saner, less anxious life for a sane and dignified free people. A longer, happier life waits, naturally, upon this changed sense of a changed space relationship.

Any man once square with his own acre or so of ground is sure of a living for himself and his own and sure of some invigorating association with beauty. Not only is the city itself a stricture, a handicap in production: the contributing railroad itself is too limited in movement, too expensively clumsy and too slow in operation. The end of the day of the long or short back and forth haul demanded by centralization is in sight. The end, too, of mass transport by iron rail.

Imagine spacious landscaped highways, grade crossings eliminated, "by-passing" living areas, devoid of the already archaic telegraph and telephone poles and wires and free of blaring bill boards and obsolete construction. Imagine these great highways, safe in width and grade, bright with wayside flowers, cool with shade trees, joined at intervals with fields from which the safe, noiseless transport planes take off and land. Giant roads, themselves great architecture, pass public service stations, no longer eyesores, expanded to include all kinds of service and comfort. They unite and separate—separate and unite the series of diversified units, the farm units, the factory units, the roadside markets, the garden schools, the dwelling places (each on its acre of individually adorned and cultivated ground), the places for pleasure and leisure. All of these units so arranged and so integrated that each citizen of the future will have all forms of production, distribution, self improvement, enjoyment, within a radius of a hundred and fifty miles of his home now easily and speedily available by means of his car or his plane. This integral whole composes the great city that I see embracing all of this country—the Broadacre City of tomorrow.

It is because every man will own his acre of home ground, that architecture will be in the service of the man himself, creating appropriate new buildings in harmony not only

with the ground but harmonious with the pattern of the personal life of the individual. No two homes, no two gardens, none of the three to ten acre farm units, no two factory buildings need be alike. There need be no special "styles," but style everywhere.

Light, strong houses and workplaces will be solidly and sympathetically built out of the nature of the ground into sunlight. Factory workers will live on acre home units within walking distance or a short ride away from the future factories. Factories beautiful, smokeless and noiseless. No longer will the farmer envy the urban dweller his mechanical improvements while the latter in turn covets his "green pastures."

Each factory and farm would be within a ten mile radius of a vast and variegated wayside market, so that each can serve the other simply and effectively and both can serve that other portion of the population which lives and works in the neighborhood of that market. No longer will any need exist for futile racing to a common center and racing back again crucifying life just to keep things piled up and "big."

Without air, sunlight, land, human life cannot go on. Recognizing this principle, as we are all beginning to do, the home life of tomorrow will conform. It will eliminate no modern comforts, yet keep the age-less healthgiving comforts too. Steel and glass will be called in to fulfill their own—steel for strength, durability and lightness; translucent glass, enclosing interior space, would give privacy yet make of living in a house a delightful association with sun, with sky, with surrounding gardens. The home would be an indoor garden, the garden an outdoor house.

Tall buildings are not barred, but having no interior courts, they must stand free in natural parks. A "co-operative" apartment house might be eighteen stories, perhaps: tier on tier of immense glass screen-walls golden with sun, on shining steel or copper-sheathed frames, each tier with its flower and vine festooned balcony terrace, an iridescence of vivid color, the whole standing in generously parked and blossoming grounds.

The principles of architecture are simply the principles of life. Just as a house built on makeshift foundations cannot stand, so life set on makeshift character in a makeshift country cannot endure. Good and lasting architecture gives or concedes the right to all of

us to live abundantly in the exuberance that is beauty—in the sense that William Blake defined exuberance. He did not mean excess. He meant according to nature, without stint. Thus, also, must good and lasting life yield up that right to all of us. And the only secure foundation for such life is enlightened human character which will understandingly accept, not merely ape the organic relation between the welfare of one and the welfare of the whole. Only that sort of character is fit for and able to create a permanent and universal well being.

And good architecture and the civilized architect of the future are necessarily modern, because life itself continually changes and new forms of building are needed to contain and express it sincerely without waste, loving beauty.

To put it concretely again, architectural values are human values or they are not valuable. Human values are life giving, not life taking. When one is content to build for oneself alone taking the natural rights of life, breadth and light and space, away from one's neighbor, the result is some such monstrosity as the pretentious skyscraper. It stands for a while in the business slum formed by its own greed, selfishly casting its shadow on its neighbors, only to find that it, too, is dependent upon their success and must fail with their failure.

What life to give has the toll-gatherer the big city has become, to the worth while citizen now that the motor car stands at the door: the great, hard road systems of the country beckoning?

Voices and vision everywhere are penetrating solid walls to entertain and inform him wherever and as he goes, and when general and immediate distribution of everything he needs is becoming convenient to him wherever he may happen to be and or choose to live. I see his buildings modern, sanitary, living conveniences, his wherever he is or wants to be, and as economically as his motor car is his—by a few hours' devotion to machinery. I see the factory too, divided and operated in humane proportions not far away from him in the country; the time spent in any ceaseless to and fro from the office, senseless and waste time that may be well spent in the new individual centralization—the only one that is a real necessity, or a great luxury or a great human asset—his diversified modern Home. I see that home

not so far away from the diversified farm units but that they may bring him, at the highway wayside markets, as he passes, food, fresh every hour.

I can see "going places" a luxury and a pleasure to him and to his; and beautiful places to which he can go. I see his children going to small and smaller individual garden schools in parks that are playgrounds as their parents live individual lives that enrich the communal life by the very quality of its individuality in a beauty of life that is appropriate luxury and superior common sense.

Transport, buildings, all life spaciously intimate with the ground, all appropriate to each other and life to each and every man according to his nature or his meed and love of life. Woods, streams, mountains, ranges of hills, the great plains—all are shrines, beauty to be preserved. Architecture and acreage seen as landscape.

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Imagination is our human divinity. It alone may distinguish the human herd and save it from the fate that has overtaken all other herds, human or animal. All this leads the way to the realization of a new civilization with an architecture of its own which will make the machine its slave and create nobler longings for mankind.

ARCHITECTURE AND ACREAGE SEEN AS LANDSCAPE

The architectural features of the Broadacre City will arise naturally out of the nature and character of the ground on which it stands and of which it is a component if not organic feature.

The individual architectural features themselves would naturally harmonize with the

nature features; therefore no two could ever be precisely alike except as the city might be built on some featureless plain which again has a certain beauty of its own and might well bear repetition of pattern. But the Broadacre cities would seldom be so built, because a feeling for beauty of terrain, in the city builders, would be seeking for beauty of feature in the landscape. A great variety of architecture would be the natural result of a varied topography in the organic architecture which would be inevitable because natural to the thought building the new cities.

Twentieth century architecture it is that is destined to comprise all the features of construction and design going to make up the framework, background and physical body of the machine age. Because it is the architecture of painting, of sculpture, of music, of life itself that is most vital, architecture is most vital because it is the essential structure of them all.

And as architecture was in ancient times, so it will be again if the organic correlation that is essentially a high ideal of beauty is to belong to twentieth century life.

So the various features of the Broadacre City we are about to describe in more detail are primarily and essentially architecture. From the roads that are its veins and arteries to the buildings that are its cellular tissue, to the parks and gardens that are its "epidermis" and "hirsute adornment," the new city will be architecture.

The time has come when the whole man must be reflected in the creative idea of his city, the city as free and organic in itself as man is in himself and as he will be in his thinking and his free institutions in this rendezvous he will make by way of nature-interior with nature-exterior.

So, in the Broadacre City the entire American scene becomes an organic architectural expression of the nature of man himself and of his life here upon the earth. This native expression of himself will be his in abundance, chiefly by intelligent use and restraint of his gigantic leverage, the machine.

Nevertheless, the ground will determine the shape and even the style of the buildings in the Broadacre City, so that to see where ground leaves off and the buildings begin

would require careful attention. With this—the ground motive—variety in unity will be infinite. The architect himself, his ideal of organic unity held firmly in his mind, will become more equal to his opportunity with new materials and new machines. The ever growing intelligence of the artifex itself, a desire for a whole life, will make the new city into which the old one disappears a great human work of art in every sense. Petty partitions and defacements of nature, everywhere irritating now, will no longer be excused or tolerated. No mechanical shrieks or smoke or grinding noises. No glaring abortions set up as super-salesmen to fight each other for the desired eye to sell anything. Not anything at all.

THE SUPER-HIGHWAY AND THE TRIBUTARY HARD ROAD— THE LAKES AND STREAMS

The regenerate architect first enters upon the native scene as the master road-builder, the super-highway and the tributary hard road now architectural factors of fundamental if not greatest importance. In the new dispensation is new sense of order, throughout.

Sweeping grades, banked turns, well considered cuts and fills healed by good planting of indigenous growth may have supreme beauty. Sympathetic moving lines that are the highways threading the hills and plains with safe grades will be, wherever they occur, elemental features of the landscape. So will be sightly road protection, well studied; well designed culverts, bridges. Where concrete walls were prohibitive, there would be dotted lines along the banks of every turn. Evergreen masses would be lined up along the roads for snow protection, instead of unsightly snow fences. Masses of native growth would sweep over the banks of the cut or fill, not the usual collections of many different kinds of shrubs and trees called landscape architecture, but broad sweeps of a single species at one place with an eye to bloom and to color in the changing seasons.

No hard road in the new city would have less than three lanes. The super highway

should have no less than six lanes. The fueling and servicing-station units would be developing in ample parks at appropriate points at desirable highway intersections. This road construction and planting, both as engineering and architecture, will be naturally under the control of the state, with the best supervising architects and landscape architects and structural engineers not only the state affords, but the country or perhaps the world affords. Each section receiving special attention by forces common to all.

An architect's trained sense of the harmonious "altogether" in the several matters of road construction, planting and bridge building, from beginning to end, would be indispensable to the integrity of the whole conception and so take place.

There is no more important function looking toward the city of the future than to get the best architects of the world interested in road building. They should see road building as great architecture.

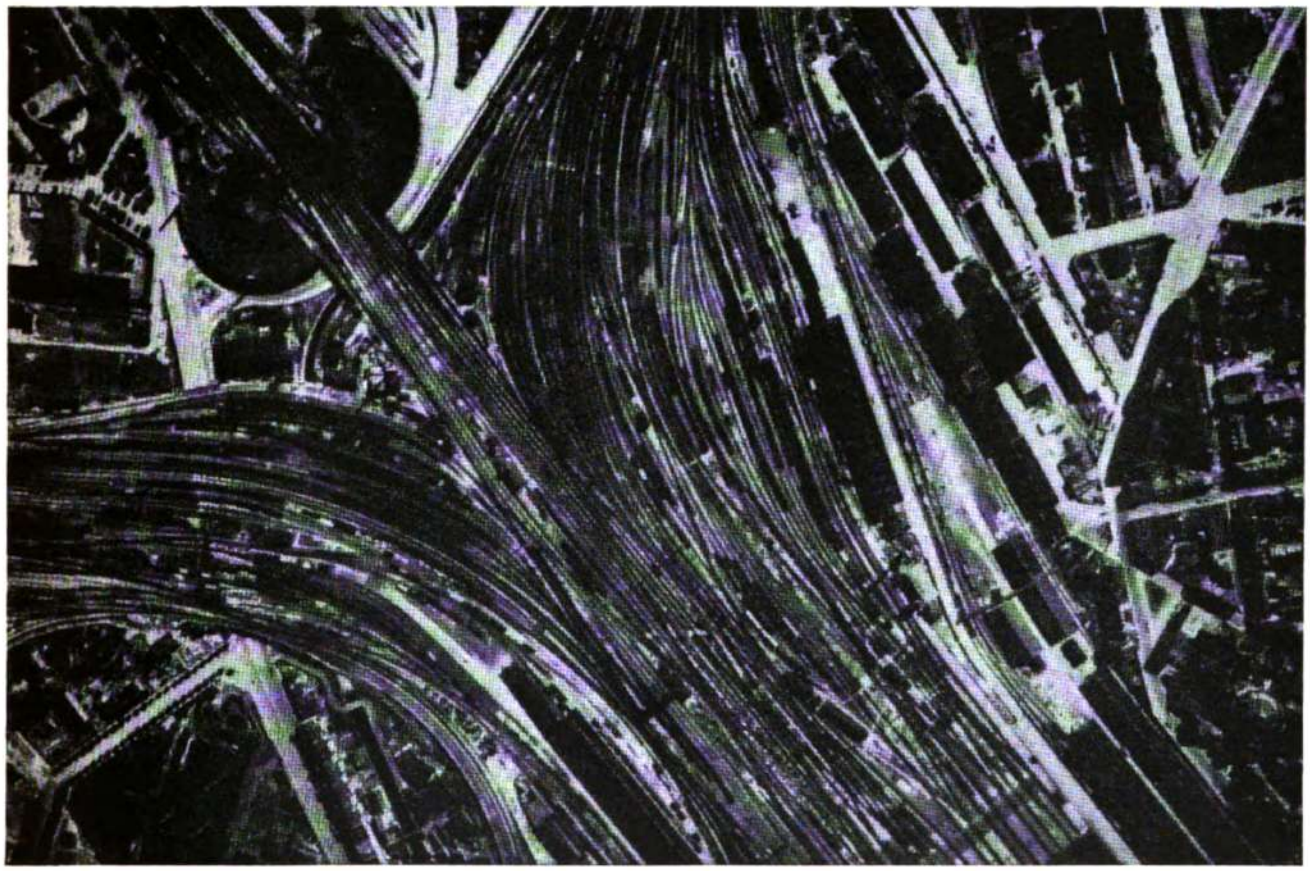
The Romans built great roads that remain to this day. But with reinforced concrete as we now practice it and our modern machines, we could build better and more lasting roads and make them noble modern architecture. What greater, nobler agent has culture or civilization than the safe, open road made, in itself, beautiful?

Along these grand roads as through veins and arteries comes and goes the throng building and living in the Broadacre City of the Twentieth Century.

The lakes and streams too, now available by motorization, contribute no small element of transport or pleasure. The motor boat has done for bodies of water in relation to the land what it has done for the land itself.

THE GREAT TRAFFIC STATION

The form of centralization that built the great railway station as the gateway of the old city will be gone. Exaggeration, conspicuous waste in any form will bore or insult society. There will be many minor stations instead of a few major ones because the great station will



THE FEEDER FOR THE OLD CITY

no longer be possible or desirable. Aeroplane depots, as flight develops, will be connected with the rights of way on which once lay the hard rails of the old, cumbersome railroads. And the new traffic "station" may occur as a minor feature, again ten for one, wherever one may be needed for purposes of general convenience. The big terminal and the storage capacities will disappear except at ports of entry or export. The major part of the business of gathering or distributing is, of course, from hand to hand or from factory and farm to family or from producer to exporter or from importer to distributing center by way of the universal traffic lanes to which all units of either production or consumption now have quick and easy access. The back and forth haul will no longer be necessary. It will be absurd. Distribution is direct.

There will always be a special concentration at ports and mines. A port-city will differ from an inland city as in fact every city will take on the character of its special environment and situation and differ from every other.

These differences would naturally be accentuated and developed as to their individuality except where uniformity of standardization and mass-production entered as substantial human benefit into the warp of the fabric. But the ultimate weaving need show no less imagination and individuality when the woof began to be stitched on to the warp. The finished whole should have an individuality now genuine, therefore, far greater than any the United States has ever known. It is this individual differentiation that would be interesting entertainment, no longer pretense or academic affectation as before, but genuine not only in cities but becoming so in people as well. And it is that human quality of individuality—strange to say—that the United States will find most difficult to preserve or to develop. As things are going with us we have all but lost it in the vicarious life of a vicarious means to live.

POWER UNITS

In the Broadacre City it is inevitable that fuel be turned into electricity at the mines and wherever water power may be found, relayed from station to station to the consumer.

Electrification will easily become universal by this means; and current being produced at original centers of supply, like the mines or the dams or the oil wells and owned by the citizens, electricity will be able not only to compete but to abolish all but oil as a source of heat and power for the city. Oil itself might well be used at the source to produce electric power.

These great power units—they would be the same miracles of modern engineering as those we already have—would develop where natural resources were. Improved methods of conducting power would take the conduits under ground, as the oil pipelines already are under ground, with small loss of voltage.

A general sentiment for the beauty of the landscape would take advantage of developments in wireless telegraphy and telephone already available to make poles, trestles and wires a memory only of the disappearing city.

It is easy to realize how the complexity of crude utilitarian construction in the mechanical infancy of our growth, like the crude scaffolding for some noble building, did violence to the landscape. But this violence will disappear as power and traffic find avenues of distribution in more conservative and economical channels. The crude devices now called construction are already being swept away out of sight. Into the discard with poles and wires and rails will go track elevation, gas plants, coal burning power houses, train sheds, roundhouses, coal yards, lumberyards. There need be and there will be no unsightly structures in the Broadacre City of the future. The crude purpose of pioneering days has been accomplished. The scaffolding may now be taken down and the true work, the culture of a civilization, may appear.

THE ORGANIC ARCHITECTURE OF THE VARIOUS NEW BUILDINGS

We now have, in bare suggestive outline, the general topographical, traffic and power features of the new city that integration has already begun to build and that begins

to absorb the city built by centralization. The stem of the new city as we have seen will be the mobilization already well under way. A matter of "traffic."

We have already glanced at the changing ideals that will make the new city a finer, freer city by way of new ideals of what constitutes culture, according to our ideal of freedom—Democracy.

Let us now see how the buildings themselves as units of the plan in the construction of that city would be built into it as expressions of these new ideals: built into it as modern architecture by way of these new resources of industry and materials.

Let us now see how the new standard of spacing we have mentioned as necessary and at work will affect the arrangement or general plan of the city we call the Broadacre City and appear in every building feature of it. New forms for a finer concept of life. The new integrity of the individual as an individual must take effect in these constructions.

We might call this modern architecture an architecture for the individual as distinguished from the attempt at re-classification called an "international style," say, or any preconceived, impecunious or impertinent formula for appearances whatever.

In any conception of organic architecture, style is an expression of character. Character is an expression of principle at work. In this sense only will the new city have style. It will have style as something natural, not something exterior forced upon it by any outside discipline or academic attempt at classification whatsoever. Architecture and acreage will now again be seen together as landscape, as the best of architecture has ever been. If our principles are working and we are using our industrial means and new materials to good advantage with a sense of their fitness to purpose, we shall universally arrive at forms that are "good style" and perhaps—who knows?—though we need not bother much about this, a Twentieth Century Style.

The thing most important at the moment is the fact that a more livable life demands a more livable building under the circumstances of a more livable city. To make all more livable by our new means enters naturally, now. In all this conception of city plan and the plan of any buildings of whatever kind, enters this new sense of space. The old standards of

spacing went out when the universal mobilization of the individual came in. The individual has secured for himself comparative flight. By vicarious power he has secured this, it is true. But his power now if he seizes it and enlarges his life with it and develops his own powers, correspondingly, using this power as a tool and not ignorantly mistaking it for himself and passing out by its exaggeration and abuse.

To develop thus, he must appropriately use machine power to make for himself a new world of pure and noble form in which to live the new life that is inevitable, consistently with the new powers of motion that widen his physical horizon.

THE NEW SCALE

Several times the idea of a standard, necessarily new, of scale or measurement has already appeared in these pages: the man seated in his motor car with its powers being the unit of that standard rather than the man standing on his legs or his limitations in a trap hitched to a horse. His movement in a motor car is a far different thing from his movement on his legs ~~or in~~ any horse-drawn vehicle. This new standard of measurement is standard for all general plan-spacing in the planning of the new city. But, greatly important also, a new space concept now enters that directly applies to the buildings themselves: the sense of the lived-in space of the building itself as the real building. This is a new concept of architecture as new. But it is an essential implied by any true ideal of Democracy.

And along with steel and along with the use of a variety of indestructible thin insulated sheets of metal comes still another demand for the economical and appropriate use of these new materials. This demand is for lightly and widely spanned spaces closed to the elements but not closed, except at will, to human sight itself. Here enters the supermaterial, glass.

Here the old sense of architecture as heavy enclosure or the survival of the fortifica-

tion disappears. A building appears as of the landscape. And the human life living in it is less separation from nature than ever before. The hard and fast lines between outside and inside disappear. The outside may come inside and the inside go outside, each seen as part of each other. This difference is a great difference, and the basis of a new world of effects.

The new building itself may now be as free in its space relations as the new city itself is free, and free as the circumstances dawning in the man himself. The developing sense of individuality as communal organic expression of the man within has here something worth while to work with. Traditional forms can only interfere with this new freedom because all the traditional forms we know were mass-concepts for a mass-life under conditions where congestion was no unmixed evil. But it now becomes evil under present changed conditions, if not soon impossible. The fact is here that immense, significant freedom for the art of building serviceable beautiful buildings is now new economy. Economy may be beautiful. Economy and beauty are, at last, harmonious and primarily human.

SIMPLICITY

Just as the present city is direct interference to the growth of modern life, so is the traditional form of a building not only interference in all building, but demoralizing. We have suffered from a surfeit of things not only within our buildings but from the buildings themselves. The same much too much of more as the city is itself. Our factory buildings alone are exempt from this criticism. And we suffer most of all from the results of property ideals too narrowly and meanly held and wrongly based. As the acquisitive jackdaw lines his nest, or monkey psychology glorifies the antique, so is this "to have and to hold" cult of things inorganic waste.

Not only was the fashionable house a heavy box-mass of some kind of building material punched with holes "à la" some pre-elected previous fashion, but the collector's mania for the antique made of it, inside, a bazaar or a junk shop gathering dust or disgrace in the shadow of the wall.

As the new era dawns in sunlight the fashionable American home appears as the graveyard of the impotent soul. Vicarious power by push-button or lever was here reflected in the vicarious expression of a taste for incompatible luxury. "Possession" may be seen here sunk to its lowest terms. For a sense of life that sank to mimicry there is ample punishment in this realization and confession of an inferiority that mistook itself for refinement.

Backward-looking, outworn styles were all the average householder possessed to inform him concerning his own possibilities in his own age until regenerate, capable of consecutive thought, he takes hold of his modern problem in new light and thinks his way through to the beginning of an organic solution.

This beginning, for him, is found in the significance of the word "organic."

The architect and his client have tried all phases of affectation and pretense. They have tried in their better moments, in better homes, for a pictorial simplicity. Let them now try for an organic simplicity, or let's say, simplicity as organic. A sense of life as organic architecture or architecture as a form of organic life, that is the sense we need now.

THE NEGATION THAT IS AFFIRMATION

From where and how is this needed change in thought to come?

Probably the source nearest to our understanding: our machines. And, likely enough, turning to this source we will fall to imitating them in our buildings. Inspired by steamships, automobiles, aeroplanes, bathtubs, refrigerators and kitchen sinks, we will at first lay hold of simplicity as negation.

Not fatal, such negation? But not necessary either. And only pictorial simplicity, again, after all. We will eventually understand that organic simplicity is as far beyond that as the lilies of the field are far from a washtub or a clothes-wringer. But, as a beginning, it is enough, for it will serve to clear away the rubbish heap for us that encumbers our life now.

The citizen's bathtub is more nearly beautiful than his house dressed up as it now is.

The necessary act is his renunciation of the stuffy house à la mode for a new one with more sunlight and simplicity. His search for intimacy with the ground will result eventually in his search for principle. The realization of principle will result in competence in place of impotence. And with the song in him, not yet dead, he will begin to build as the songmasters wrote, out of the man.

No, not all of him, but such inevitable intelligent eclecticism as would follow him who could, would be nearer life in our own time than anything the eclectic had before by way of taste unless he should fall into the same pretense of art, assume without the ability the prerogatives that belong only to creation and again stultify himself by stultifying others as himself. But the negation is good medicine and likely to do something to the culture fakir himself by way of awakened desire for true simplicity, if not on his part, then on the part of his attempted victim.

The passing order has left us with an inheritance of peddlers, brokers, "designing" partners, decorators and "esses" doing brokerage between the homeowner and the homebuilder for moderate fees, but exorbitant results. These will become the "modern" eclectics afresh. No matter. Instead of crying "aloud" for the exterior discipline that can only make more weaklings acceptable, let us put a premium upon the essentially organic quality in the human being that is individuality, not personality. Let us put this premium upon this quality in philosophy, in religion, in art and science. Let us demand that all be organic as all of life; and by such interior discipline as this would mean not only will we live in rubbish heaps no more, but the rubbish that builds them be swept away with them by a finer common sense encouraging the super-sense of the creative artist. The creative artist is one who is himself more society than society is itself. This means that he is, by nature, the naive interpreter of the best in the social order in which he lives, and society itself by way of the "next in line" must soon see him as a way-shower.

Society in this age at this period seems afraid of the radical mind of the creative artist because the values, economic and social, are so badly tipsy and twisted all down the

line, too easily topsy-turvy if the strong arm relaxes. And were the true conception of the term organic applied, as a test, to the rubbish heap or the rubbishers themselves is all that is needed to set the United States on the road to a finer and higher order, social, economic, artistic. The word organic, if taken in too biological a sense, would be a stumbling block. As we are using the word here it applies to a concept of living structure. That would be a concept of structure wherein features and parts are so organized in form and substance as to be, applied to purpose, integral. Integration is used in this sense of the word integral, with this quality of thought in mind. Such is the quality "organic."

WHAT, THEN, IN GENERAL DETAIL WILL BROADACRE BUILDINGS BE LIKE?

Well, let us first take the poor.

That means the "housing-problem" receiving so much philanthropic attention at the moment which, beneficent though it is, can only result in putting off by mitigation the day of regeneration for the poor.

THE TENEMENT

The poor are those damaged most by the progress of unearned increment as it piles up into vast fortunes by way of rent, or they are the lame, the halt and the blind.

Where is their place in the city built by triple rent?

See the salvage effected by the latest and best "housing" developments all over the world for your answer. Improved slums doubtless. But the slum quarter now changing to a region of the mind: standardization reaching for the soul. Poverty is being made a "decent" institution. The "row" is as inevitable to it as it is inevitable to any army.

Rows behind or beside rows of cubicles on shelves, hard, orderly and remote from nature as any coffin. Decent? Yes, but damnable straight jackets in which life is to be beneficiary but not blessed. Ingenious officering, this, of the army of the poor built in to stay "decently" poor. Institutionalized. The machine triumphant.

There is some dignity in freedom, even though "one's own way" may sink to license in filth. But what dignity in the cell of a soulless economic repetition of spiritual poverty, even though some posy be stuck in a flower box, gratuitous, for each?

Why not make more free to "the poor" the land they were born to inherit as they inherit air to breathe and daylight to see by and water to drink? I am aware of the academic economist's reaction to any land question. Nevertheless, Henry George clearly enough showed us the simple basis of poverty in human society. And some organic solution of this land problem is not only needed, it is imperative. What hope for stimulating a great architecture while land holds the improvements instead of the improvements holding the land? For an organic economic structure this is wrong end around, and all architecture is only for the landlord.

By some form of exemption and subsequent sharing of increase in land values, make his acre available to each poor man, or more according to his ability to use the land, and what house for him? And where and how may he go to work to build it?

Well, mobilization is already his, too, by way of a fare in a bus or a second-hand Ford or more or less. Emancipated from the rent he must now pay the city in order to work at all the machine-worker goes back to his birthright in the ground, as his birthright in the air to breathe and water to drink, with his family and goes to work in the factory and for himself as he can, both factory and family now on their own ground. He goes to work for his manufacturing employer in some factory unit nearby. Ten miles is nearby now by any modern standard of spacing.

The poor man—the man at the machine—buys the modern, civilized, standardized privy (it is a bathroom) manufactured and delivered complete in a single unit, even as his car or bathtub is manufactured, ready to use when connected to a septic tank or a cesspool. He plants this first unit on his ground as a center unit to which a standardized complete kitchen

unit similarly cheap and beneficial may be added. As the months go by, the rent saved may buy other standardized units, or as soon as he earns them by his work on the ground. The units would be suited in general scheme of assembly either to flat land or to hillside and designed to make a well planned whole. These various standardized units are the machine-workers' cheaply, by way of his labor in the factory unit nearby and as the automobile is his by the cheapening power of mass production in standardization. His menage may grow as his devotion goes along with time, buying each unit in a group-scheme that has had the benefit of expert study, in design and production, by the world's best minds. Not only may this group of units be variegated and so harmonized to purpose as to do no outrage to the landscape, but be so cheap that his rent for three months, in the present city bondage, would buy him the first units.

In a year or two he would own a house scientifically modern and complete along any one of a variety of lines and plan-schemes and his establishment be good to look at, hooked up in his own way with such a garden as he could make and such outbuildings—also standardized units—as he would need. Fruit-trees, shade-trees, berry bushes, vegetables, flowers, hot and cold running water, a modern fireplace, cookstove and heat-unit all combined. With some proper aid in the way of tax exemption here is a home of his own that would be within reach of the man by way of his devotion to the machine. And the machine itself did this, say, five hundred dollar house for him as it did his automobile now standing in his fifty dollar garage. Electricity for light, heat and power he might have cheaply by voluntary co-operation. And co-operation could simplify and bring life nearer to him in many ways.

There is nothing remarkable about this opportunity as a physical product. It is already accomplished. But what is remarkable is the fact that the whole establishment may have, the mass-product notwithstanding, the proportion that is order and the order that is beauty. The finished whole, as an expression of himself need not be lacking in individuality. Characteristic choice might be freely his in appropriate designs and devices where before he could exercise only a choice of abortive sentimentalities or be compelled to accept housing as an "institution."

Where is your "poor" man now? No longer poor. Because his soul again grows to be his own. It grows to be his own because opportunity has opened natural ways for him to be free to exercise his own faculties as well as the faculty of some machine. And the next erstwhile "poor" man is beside him a block away, or more, on his own also; but owing to the quality of mind in design and device, he is there differently in plan and scheme according to his individual needs and tastes. Birds sing, the grass grows for him, rain falls on his growing garden while the wheels of standardization and invention turn for him not against him where he lives. Because his devotion to the machine in these circumstances means increased life and opportunity for him, so it must mean increased life and opportunity for all concerned with him.

His children would be growing up making first hand contact with all the freshness and sweetness of their birthright that any "rich" man's children can know, and not by grace of some municipal-minded landlord as a goldfish inhabits a glass globe, with a pebble and a reed.

He is planted square with his fellow-man to grow as he may grow on his own ground.

Individuality is his. So he, too, is aristocrat in the true democratic meaning of that word.

Now integrate his small garden production whatever it may be, and relate this factory service of his, so this aid by his family out of his ground, such as it may be, is related to the great, universal neighborhood markets opened by the great highway—perhaps as added features of the service stations. The family produce to be regularly called for each day in some such plan as that of the Walter V. Davidson markets. Each day the family receives in cash one half the value of what their free time on the ground has raised and everyone in the new city may have "produce, fresh every hour," reinforcing the larger, more standardized farm units, not only affording still greater variety to the consumer but some additional money earned by the machine-worker's household.

Where, now, would be your city slums?

Integration by way of neighborhood schools, entertainments, hospitals for sickness, insurance for old age, all take from the machine-slave the anxieties that bore him down and

out at an early age. Society would soon have an individual for a citizen instead of a herd-struck moron. Instead of another cultural weed gone to seed in good-style municipal barracks or filthy slums to raise more weeds, here would be a valuable human asset. None the less a man because machine-man. No, much more—a man.

What would this establishment of his look like?

THE EMPLOYEE ON HIS ACRE

Well, so far as it went, it would look like a house to live in as his car looks like an automobile to ride in. The two would look well together—if you can imagine it. I can, and soon so can you and anyone although, now the automobile and the house are utterly out of feeling—incongruous in every case.

The various units of the house would be fabricated of sheet metal or composition slabs or both together, say, and permanently "finished" as is his car in any texture or color he preferred, but no "bad" color or unsuitable texture to be "preferred." Much glass he might have—but not to wither him—shaded above by thin, sheltering metal projections. The various units would be in one scheme rectangular, in another scheme hexagonal, in another circular in form. In other schemes, combinations could be made of these forms, infinite in variety. He might soon achieve the enclosure of a central court-garden and much greenery and flowers. Perhaps a pool. His establishment would grow as he grew, he would be earning it himself as he grew able.

The roofs he might leave flat and use as a roof-garden under an awning. Or he could slope the roof and use the ground to save expense. His furnishings become part of his house now, and are as good to look at inside as his house is good to look at outside because he got his furnishings as he got his house, designed for him by the best talent the world affords with perfect knowledge, not only of his problem, but of the capacities of production. And there is a range of choice wide enough in which he may find his own.

He works, now, on ground that cannot be taken away from him for it could not be his by way of debt, that is, mortgage but by way of improvement. There can be no landlord but society. A social unit will grow up independently on his own ground as he is able. The house is his own. He is no soulless unit, officered in the rank and file of the standardized army that is the "poor." No longer is the "poor" man a reproach to fortuitous good fortune in the form of rent unless enough rent is set aside to make him "look" decent.

No, here now may be a manly man, in Usonia, living in manlike freedom. On his own together with his own. Like the bravest and like the best.

In bare outline, of course, all this (essentials not all drawn). But here, in outline, is a sketch of the feasible "tenement" in the Broadacre City: the only possible city of the future.

THE TILLER OF THE SOIL AND THE HUSBAND OF THE ANIMALS

What establishment would be the farmer's as a suburban citizen in the new city?

He is suffering from rent in its most oppressive form, any improvements he may make are only a gamble adding to his burden of rent. Should his labor be insufficient to pay rent for money, rent for his own improvements or rent for land and government goodbye to all his improvements. But at least so long as he can keep his ground under his feet and able to work he and his need have no fear of starving.

But farming is the hinterland of economics, if not the borderland of despair, because the farmer was not taken into the present scheme of increments except as a source. Let us take the farmer in the more thickly settled regions of the country where he is trying to compete against the grain and beef-raising of machine-farming on the almost endless and nearly free acreage of the great western open spaces of the United States. Grain raising is against

him. Nor in cattle and sheep raising can he compete with the ranges of the great ranches on western land with no improvements, taxed at fifty cents per acre, if at all, while the cost of his "improvements" only works dead against him on his land taxed at fifty dollars or more per acre.

Modern sanitation, the motor car and the radio have already brought the farmer's life a little nearer to the luxury of the sons and daughters he too has lost—voluntary deserters to the prevailing white-collarite army. But he is alone on the farm often. And sometimes an inmate of the poor house, or better off if he were, at the end of his labor on the ground, whatever may have been his energy and thrift.

This ground is so seldom his own ground, now, except by some slender show of equity. The farmer East, Middle West, or South, is no winner of the game of increment as the game is played for high stakes with the three false rules of the game. The dice are loaded against him by the very circumstances in which he is placed to "find" himself.

And it is amusing or exasperating, as you may happen to get the view, to see the empty political gestures his would-be saviors make to "relieve" him.

Not a statesman's voice nor a sensible legal move made to free him from the inequalities that grip him for no other purpose, it seems, than to give the white-collarite army a free ride on his back. That army rides to some extent on the farmer's back because the farmer's labor is intrinsic. A source.

His labor on the land contributes to the various vicarious powers—power by lever and push-button—of city life. But his labor contributes not much to his own life. Parasites are parasites because they batten upon sources, live upon origins but never live by originating. So here in the tiller of the soil is good life, and genuine, in deep trouble.

Cities are great mouths. The farmer is essentially food for humanity. It is his job to feed the cities. And the raw material for clothing is his job also.

Without the farmer the cities would starve and go naked. Now the Broadacre City comes to him not only to be fed but also to take him in and share with him the luxury that the very nature of his service to the city has hitherto denied him. And his new establish-

ment is a most welcome and perhaps the most attractive unit in all the structure of the city of the future.

Feeding the multitude being naturally his job, it is clear that the produce of intensive farming as varied as possible will be his advantage over the great grain and beef producing areas competing with him, and this produce is as direct to the consumer as possible. Dairying, fruit growing, truck gardening, raising the rarer meats and fowls, eggs, in all of which freshness is a first condition, though the Tin-can has increasingly become the resource of our civilization—as life itself, became, more or less, canned.

The little-farmer who will take the place of the big-farmer by intensive methods needs a greenhouse and less than one tenth of the land he tries to farm now. And he needs an establishment that makes his life a more decent and bearable association with the animals he husbands, tending, breeding and feeding them, primarily, for the urban millions who have educated, therefore artificial, tastes as compared with his own more simple ones.

The farmer too, and most of all, needs the organic architecture that will end his wasteful to and fro about the inefficient group of crude, ill-adapted buildings now habitual to him, to turn all into a compact, efficient, correlated single unit for his purpose: considering his life as worthy of high conservation. The "little-farmer" needs his living comforts assured. He needs less in some ways than before when he was "big." He no longer needs a haymow, the thing that exaggerated his barn. He no longer needs machine sheds, but he needs a workshop and tools. He does not need many fences except those that are a part of his buildings.

His energy would be conserved by having, under sanitary conditions, his animals a step away, his car reached by opening a door, his crop proscribed and sold before he raises it by some such plan of integration, now of larger units, as the one referred to as being worked out by Walter V. Davidson in the plan for farm markets. This plan is of the type—integration of small units into great ones—that is destined, and inevitably soon, to take the place of present overgrown centralizations.

Such a composite farm building as this one might be would be assembled of units

consisting of a garage, a dwelling, a greenhouse, a packing and distributing house, a silo, a stable and a diversified animal shed. The whole would be practical architecture and as such could be delivered to the little-farmer at low cost by benefit of machine standardization. Again architecture would be his by way of the best brains in the world, to simplify, dignify and make his life effective as his own.

This composite farm building would be a group-building not of one type only, but of as many types in various materials as there are modifications of the farmer and his purpose.

In this modernization of the basis of farming is a true and important phase of farm relief.

Well designed farm life grouped in units of three, five or ten acre farms, production proscribed and all related to highway traffic markets, produce fresh every hour, is radical farm relief. And the design of that great traffic market as another feature of this rural integration is another important building among the service features along the highways of the Broadacre City.

A single community tractor could plow and harrow the soil for all. Community centers provide not only power and pooling of certain labors and interests in sickness or in health but entertainment for all.

Again here is but a suggestive sketch, in outline, of "farm relief," and "relief" also for so many white-collarites who are still capable men and women but now unhappy as city parasites. They would by this division and reintegration of the smaller units, up-building living conditions on a better basis, find means to live well by their own labor on their own ground in an independent life. No longer rented but owners of themselves.

In every Broadacre City there would be plenty of room for many thousands of such integrated, yet independent farm units.

BEYOND THE VORTEX

FACTORY DECENTRALIZATION AND INTEGRATION

The factory too is now to come to the countryside, the employees themselves small gardeners as outlined in "The Tenement." Already the factory is so well organized and built and managed in our country that it needs less re-designing than any institution we have. Although its product is sadly in need of organic design, it needs only the ground available or comparatively free to its workers. The big factory already needs dividing up into smaller units, spaced in the countryside according to the new standards of space measurement. This ideal of re-integration, in this division of the big factory into smaller units, is now at work in many places. Instead of scheming for the greater and greater centralization that, as we may now see, defeats life and even defeats its own purpose by meaningless back and forth, the factory will be the first to end the expensive waste motion of to and fro. The factory, except for exaggeration of its size—due to over centralization—is in itself the one best thing America has done. The best thing we have ready to divide and reintegrate as sightly features of the country.

THE OFFICE IN THE NEW CITY

Financial, official, professional, distributive, administrative: offices may now all go where they belong to function as units of whatever industry they represent and be found there where actual production is taking place. Volatilized, instantaneous intercommunication make this return to origins reasonable and practical. Once the movement is started, this correlation of offices and manufactures would be desirable and efficient conservation of time and energy. It will be easier to work forward from the plant than it is to work backward to it or to and fro from it.

The offices of public officialism, petty or major, should all center at the police and

fire-stations at certain road junctions, and, owing to lack of congestion as a contributory cause of disturbance, might be cut to one of the ten needed now. The district court would be found at this point, and all functionaries be established there in appropriate quarters, not in the braggadocio buildings now customary. These functions are utilitarian. Not necessarily grandiose in a democracy. Appropriately, the reverse.

The offices of the "professional" man should develop for his especial work in connection with his own home-grounds as a shop, either a studio, a clinic, a hospital, or a gallery suited to his purpose: "show-off" place, if he is like that. Such individualized units added to homes would enrich the architectural aspect of the whole, save human wear and tear in the "back and forth haul" and be more available under such conditions of modern transport as are fast approaching than they are under the present attempts to reach them in the positive traffic hindrances that do violence to the time and patience of the professional and his client, alike, in the present form of centralization. The professional man needs more time for service and study in a better atmosphere. Less of his energy consumed in the vain scramble in and scramble out would give it to him.

The bank is an "office," too, but as a quasi-public one it should be found with the public official-buildings at some important junction, in itself an integrated unit in various strong financial chain systems. It would no longer need to put on airs as a temple or place of worship to hold its importance or to get business.

A bank is a machine. A cold, calculating business institution. And it is a strong box. So it might properly take on the air of a typewriter or a filing system in a steel box. Grandomania in the construction of banks, as in safes or locks, would no longer be direct invitation to thieves by useless glorification of money-power. The grand temple of the unearned increments might well shrink to the strong box of intrinsic earnings.

THE NEW STORE: OR DISTRIBUTION OF MANUFACTURED MERCHANDISE

This integration of mercantile distribution as it will be natural to the Broadacre City would occur upon the great arteries of mobilization, or traffic. This feature of the future city is already appearing neglected and despised—but as the roadside service station the distributing centers, in embryo, of the future are appearing.

In the gasoline service station may be seen the beginning of an important advance agent of decentralization by way of distribution and also the beginning of the establishment of the Broadacre City.

Wherever the service station happens to be naturally located, these now crude and seemingly insignificant units will grow and expand into various distributing centers for merchandise of all sorts. They are already doing so in the Southwest to a great extent. Each of these smaller units might be again integrated or systematically chained together over large areas, thus cutting down costs of buying and distribution to add to the economies of mass production and standardizing. They would become, in the little, distributors of all that Marshall Field, Sears-Roebuck, or Wanamaker now find to distribute in the large.

Fresh architectural opportunity is here: the most diversified single modern unit to be found in all the features of the Broadacre City. With the service-station would be found generous parking facilities and various schemes for automatic parking; beguiling entertainments; cabarets, cafes, and restaurants, and comfortable overnight accommodations for transients. There would be individual competition between the various centers and individuality would soon develop. From every stream of traffic one might turn aside and pick up, at these stations, in natural to and fro, anything needed or desired at home. To not too suddenly deprive the age of its characteristic art, advertising, the purchaser might be subjected to the same temptations by salesmanship and by means of effective display as is now the case in any of the highly specialized city stores. Proprietors, salesmen and managers all living nearby, within twenty-five miles say, and living in country places of their own, their children going to the Broadacre schools. Themselves now "landed gentry."

These are only slight changes for the better of an ideal that is already doing its work; and that ideal—reintegration of decentralization—must, to go on working, follow the law of change as Marshall Field followed when he established stores at outlying suburbs. And as Sears-Roebuck followed in establishing a chain of stores in small towns. And as Woolworth and his followers followed. So, ahead of their merchandising, now comes the next step in decentralization and the integration that is Democracy. This is for the inland towns. The port towns would naturally enough be subject to special concentrations.

Modern inventions and machine resources, now destructive interferences to city life, not only point in this direction but are compelling the merchant to take it.

THE MAINTENANCE OF THE MOTOR CAR AND THE PLANE

The garage will naturally be found as expansion of the roadside service stations. Probably some of the stations will become "union-stations" merchandising all oils on some basis as drug and department stores now handle various brands of the same merchandise. Or they may subsist as individual units—co-related as now.

FOR THOSE WHO HAVE BEEN EMASCULATED BY THE PRESENT CITY

The tall apartment building will go to the country. It will be among the first steps toward rescue . . . this infirmary for the confirmed "citified." The Broadacre City unit here may be of the type proposed for the apartment tower in the small park of St. Mark's on the Bouwerie in New York City.

An arrangement in quadruple of say, thirty-six indestructible duplex apartments

built, furnished, complete. The buildings would stand in a small park of, say, thirty acres with its own garage beneath, and playgrounds and gardens for each tenant arranged as features of the park.

This type of structure would enable many to go to the country with their children who have grown so accustomed to apartment life under serviced conditions that they would be unable or unwilling (it is the same thing) to establish themselves in the country otherwise.

These prismatic metal and glass shafts rising from the greenery of the private parks in which they would stand would be acceptable units in the Broadacre City. Many of the advantages of the countryside could still go to them. And they might own the "apartment" in which they lived in the country on the economical terms of the age we live in.

THE HOTEL, THE MOBILE HOTEL AND THE PREDATORY HOUSE

As a matter of course, there would be fewer hotels. Each would probably be a group of small cottages related to a general unit comprising the rooms for the use of all as seen in better planned establishments like the Arizona Biltmore, or the San Marcos in the Desert at Chandler, Arizona. And these would be found where Nature had "staged a show" with which they might harmonize and which they could well employ for recreation and recuperation by wise building.

But a new manifestation of hotel life would be the hotel on wheels. The mobilized hotel.

These commodious cars with sleeping accommodations and cuisine aboard would tour the country with parties. They would go from North to South and from East to West. With attendant trailers or lorries they would be found in the scenic marvels of the great plains and mountain ranges where no other hostelry could survive.

As the nature of transportation is developing, there is no reason why such mobile

hotels should not be safe, comfortable and profitable in some such form as already developed by the McArthur brothers at Phoenix, Arizona, and intended as a feature for the Arizona Biltmore Hotel itself.

If the scheme is feasible for a hotel, it is certainly feasible for a house. And this mobilization applies to the lakes and streams by way of motorization.

Artists, pleasure-seekers, explorers, the modern gypsies, could all have road-traveling or floating houses of perfect convenience and, by way of superior design facilities, be presentable, as sightly as a plane or any car. More so, naturally, than most of them are now.

These motor houses could go about, at the householder's will, from place to place, from mountain to seashore or rivers or lakes as the nomad once drifted over the desert with his camel and tent.

. . . . . .

THE BACHELOR

A new phase of domestic arrangements enters the picture here that might take the curse off domesticity for many who cannot tolerate it now, and so perhaps reclaim many a life dissolute because establishment means too great monotony.

. . . . . .

And as a suggestion to this gregarious product, our heritage from the disappearing city, as the children came they could be accommodated in trailers, behind, nursery and all.

Inasmuch as little trains will soon trickle along the highways anyway, why not the domestic arrangements of the now unwilling husband?

The slogan of this element . . . "Give the children a ride."

The art of fashioning the trailer has already gone so far there would be no difficulty whatever in appropriately "trailing" any feature of life whatsoever, anywhere.

THE HUMANE HOSPITAL

Efficient and humane as it is, the present hospital is too large and too obviously an institution. The Broadacre hospital will be several sunlit clinics scattered in a spacious garden, to every large unit we have now. Homelike quarters where no disabled or sick person need ever see another disabled or sick person unless he so wills. The resources of modern therapeutics, surgery and medicine would be in their places as the plumbing, electric lighting and heating of the home are a part of the house, but not visible as fixtures.

In short, the emphasis should be on normality and not on the paraphernalia of abnormality. Death's head shows at once in the present hospital and grins incessantly at any and every unfortunate inmate. Why not a hospital as humane in effect as in its purpose?

THE UNIVERSITY: UNIVERSAL

The present university, specialized, is the mass production of specialists in book knowledge. As the antenna of the insect is a feeler for the life of the insect, so a modern university should be the antenna of the life of a society and able to communicate its "findings."

Here in quiet retreats made beautiful and appropriate for reflection and concen-

tration there should be rendezvous for groups of developed individuals in noble storehouses where all that mankind has produced in science, art and philosophy would be a matter of record, or model available for free study.

There need be no "professors," nor large groups. Only several father confessors and their recorders. One elected by the scientists, one by the artists, and one by the philosophers of each state, respectively, and, if one could be found, a statesman should be added to the group. The best chosen by the best.

All others would be privileged students accepted by the father confessors and employed in research concerning the correlation of these matters of the social soul. No privilege of the novice, this. Only those having given proof of inner human experience in some one of these qualities of human life would, of course, be accepted.

The old monastic institution, liberalized, made free and related to social progress by research work where contemporary life—modern materials, modern industrial circumstances and association with performances as well as ideas—would be inspiring. No preparation for teaching or practicing anything should be a feature of these "universities." This renunciation of vocational training would of course come along slowly, even in the Broadacre City. It is so much harder for us to de-limit the sacred institutions of "learning" than any of our institutions.

THE COMMUNAL CENTER

Of course such centers would be features of every new city and each would be an automobile-objective situated near some major highway or in some nook of the countryside where views are inspiring and nature lovable.

Golf courses, racetrack, zoo, aquarium and planetarium will naturally be found at these places grouped in architectural ensemble with a botanical garden. Of clubs there would

still be many, but the community center would be something else. It would be the great common club, but avoiding commonplace elegance. The community center would be an educational factor as well as an amusement center. The art gallery, the museum would be there. And as all would be laid out in harmony with each other and the ground, each center would take on the individuality of its circumstances. Scattered over the states these centers would embody and express the best thought of which our democratic ideal is capable. There would be no commercial bustle or humdrum here. All common excitement could be reached, further on, at the service stations. But the various community centers should be quiet places for study, reflection and introspection, in comradeship.

THE THEATRE

Where nature has been raised by art to the level of greater nature, the new theatre, no longer a peep show but a circumstance, the building itself an automatic machine rivalling in plasticity the cinema, would be a sanctuary for emotion and aspiration, rivalling the church in the old city. Architecture in these civic centers would be worked out in native materials.

The cinema would, like the theatre, go direct from camera to the home. Sound and vision. But at the community center there would be special creative features maintained by the community not by big business as a sales agency.

THE NEW CHURCH

Assuming that religious sentiment has deepened by way of the ideal that builds the Broadacre City, and a false sentimentality as oppressive to enlightened democracy in

religion as it would be in social economics or art, the surviving church would be likely to take on some non-sectarian devotional form. Here would be a great opportunity for a true symphony, as building. The church might, in the new city, be a church as a song without words is a song. The Broadacre church would be a rendezvous with beauty in the depths and breadths of the soul, a refuge no less individual because more profound and comprehensive, for the stained and worn and skeptic. Harmony complete might in this church again descend to refresh a mortal weariness. This skeptic ego of our more sophisticated age needs spiritual recreation. No theology, now, can ever be essential. The unhistorical cathedral as a feature of the Broadacre City would be erected by and for the spirit of man to evoke again in terms of our machine-age life an organic ideal of the organic social life and new faith in the nobility and beauty of which human nature itself is capable.

THE DESIGN CENTER

The machine as it exists in every important trade, by way of capable artist interpreters, should without delay be put into the hands of the young architects. Reluctantly I admit that to put the machine, as the modern tool of a great civilization, to any extent into the hands of a body of young students, means some kind of school; naturally such a school would be called an art school, but one in which competent interpreters of fine art would not only be allied to the industries they would now try to serve, but would stand there at the center of an industrial hive of characteristic industry as inspiration and influence to younger talent in the design problems of inevitable and desirable mass production.

Sensitive, unspoiled students (and they may yet be found in this unqualified machine that America is becoming) should be put in touch with commercial industry in what we might call industrial design or style centers. The centers would be workshops equipped with modern

machinery, endowed by the industries themselves, where the students would remain domiciled and spend the better part of each day working in the shop itself.

Machinery-using crafts making useful things might through such experimental centers discover possibilities existing in the nature of their craft, which the present industries know nothing about and might never discover for themselves. In such a school it would be the turn of the fine arts to serve machinery in order that machinery might better serve them and all together better serve a beauty-loving and an appreciative United States.

Let us say that seven branches of industrial arts be taken for a beginning (a number should be grouped together for the reason that they react upon one another to the advantage of each).

Let us name glass-making, textiles, pottery, sheet-metals, woodworking, casting in metal, the "process reproduction." Each industry so represented should be willing to donate machinery and supply a competent machinist and to a certain extent endow its own craft, provided such industries were certain of proper management under proper auspices, and assured of a share in results which would be directly their own, sharing either the benefits of designs or presently in designers themselves, both adapted to their particular field.

Such experimental centers intelligently conducted could do more to rationalize and vitalize our industries than all else, and soon would make them independent of France, Germany, Austria or any other country, except as instruction by international example from all countries would help work out our own forms. There is no reason why an experiment center of this character, each center confined to one hundred students or less, should not make its own living and produce valuable articles to help in "carrying on the growth of style in our industries." As compared with the less favorably circumstanced factories, and owing to the artists at the head of the group, each article would be of the quality of a work of art and so be a genuine missionary wherever it went.

Such a school should be in the countryside on sufficient land so that three hours a day of physical work on the soil would help to insure the living of the students and the resident group of seven artist workers, themselves the head of the student group. There would

remain, say, seven hours of each day for forty-seven individuals in which to unite in production.

A well-directed force of this sort would very soon have considerable producing power. Thus belonging to the school each month there would be beautifully useful or usefully beautiful things ready for market and influence: stuffs, tapestries, table linen, new cotton fabrics, table glassware, flower holders, lighting devices, window-glass mosaics, necklaces, screens, iron standards, fixtures, gates, fences, fire irons, enamelled metals for house or garden purposes, cast metal sculpture for gardens, building hardware. All sorts of industrial art in aluminum, copper, lead, tin. Practical flower pots, architectural flower containers on large scale, water jars, pots and sculpture. Paintings for decoration suitable for reproduction and designs for new media, for process reproductions. Modern music, plays, rhythm, designs for farm buildings, the characteristic new problems like the gasoline station, food distribution, town and country cottages and objects for their furnishings. And factories, too, of various sorts.

The station might broadcast itself. Issue brochures, illustrated by itself, of pertinent phases of its work. Devote a branch to landscape studies on conservation and planting and town-planning. In short, the station would be a hive of creative industry. Architecture, without hesitation or equivocation, should be the broad essential background of the whole endeavor, again strong in modern life as it ever was strong in ancient times. It is desirable to repeat that architecture again must be the logical background and framework of modern civilization.

Such style stations or culture centers could be alcoves in connection with standard college courses in the history of art, architecture and archaeology. And it would not matter where the centers were located, were they sufficiently isolated in beautiful country. They should not be too easy of access.

No examinations, graduations or diplomas. But so soon as a student worker showed special competence in any branch of industry he would be available as teacher in the Broadacre schools or for a place as designer in that industry. Manufacturers who were contributors

to the school would, however, have first right to use him, or her. The body of inspirational talent and the trade machinists should be of such character that outside students would enjoy and seek points of contact with the work going on at the school, helpful to them and to the school as well.

These units, directly dedicated to practical style culture, would be essential to the organic growth of the organic Broadacre City.

THE NEW SCHOOL: THE TEACHER AND HIS FLOCK

More teachers and smaller flocks would be the natural thing in the organic integration that challenges centralization.

The big knowledge-factory was always a self-defeating institution. How like a factory it looks and is, as one passes through the towns and villages. How unimaginative and impotent the vicarious product. How many prison houses for the mind are its abstractions. Arm-chair ethics, philosophy, science and art. Bookology is their science and their craft.

But any school in the Broadacre City would be, first, a park in the choicest part of the countryside, preferably by a stream or by a body of water. It is not only small as a whole, but that small could divide again into smaller so far as possible. Each school building is never more than one story high, fashioned of metals and glass for young life in sunlight. Divided into smaller buildings, each unit might contain not more than ten children. Say, forty children would be a large school. A gymnasium and a common hall, a modelling and a drawing room, a kitchen and a dining room. The group in composition materials and glass, or perhaps metals, arranged about interior and exterior courts. Standardization could here, again, be used, but give way to more individual treatment. Enough ground for a flower and vegetable bed for each pupil would be alongside, with large play-spaces beyond that. Each pupil would learn of the soil by working on it and in it, and he would educate his hand to draw what his eye might

see, and learn to model it equally well. Eye-minded is modern-minded. So the school building should be developed by artists and architects as, in itself, a free work of art.

To learn to draw well would civilize the faculties as a whole once more and more than any other means correlate the growing faculties.

Perfect correlation of all the faculties is the most important aim of the new education. The eye and the hand, the body and what we call the mind. And the just relation of this just correlation directly to the growth of the earth, as natural to the pupil. Thus getting a working sense and appreciation of the rhythm that is life itself.

In these sunlit buildings, beautiful in themselves, and in these garden courts, the child would be working, preparing food and learning how to eat it, learning to see accurately, by drawing what he sees, gradually taking the steps to learn how to make two blades of grass grow where one or none grew before. Physically and spiritually. Boys and girls here would become true co-efficients of a spiritually potent, therefore naturally creative humanity. Individuals, in communal individualship, becoming a certainty. An average of a teacher to a group of not more than ten would not be too much and the teachers themselves would be qualified as human beings to help develop or qualify an individual.

Here again is only a rough sketch of the smaller school buildings of the Broadacre City of which there would be ten such organic units for every inorganic one now attempting to function on hard pavements in overgrown, outdone centralization or new ones built on the model of the circus.

THE NEW HOME IN THE BROADACRE CITY

We come, now, to the most important unit in the city, really the center and the only centralization allowable. The individual home. Integration here is voluntary and so far only as it is free individual choice.

Luxury may enter as gratification of developed sensibility. The home has grown in dignity and spiritual significance by this concept of the free city of Democracy. Not every man's home his castle, that was a feudal concept. No, every man's home his sunlit strand and no less, but more than ever, a refuge for the expanding spirit that is still his. And in his home the Broadacre citizen is, himself, true exponent and expression of his true place and relation to other men: his fellows. He inculcates high ideals in others by practicing them himself and insisting upon opportunities for others to do likewise.

The opportunity of men made equal before the law of the land as promised in the charter of Independence, and therefore the artificial economic structure dissolved or abolished, communal life may be based upon a sound economy of machine resources. Improvements of the ground are free to those who improve their ground. It is economic sense for the house owner to surround himself with such expression of himself as seems ideal to him, paying no penalty for so doing. Advantages have flowed in upon this house of his. He is becoming aware of these advantages. The significance of much he never realized before is coming clear to him. Physical changes in his situation have rendered obsolete most of his education and nearly all of his traditions. Then to what may he hold fast now, as he stands to go forward to new life on new ground with power never dreamed of until he began to dream?

THREE WORDS

Let him learn their meaning well.
The word "democracy."
The word "integration."
The word "organic."

They have never been interpreted and applied as ideals in this or, consciously, in any other culture up to now. The significance of these watchwords should be his guide. And

as understanding opens to him the Old will naturally fall away. He will come face to face with the New.

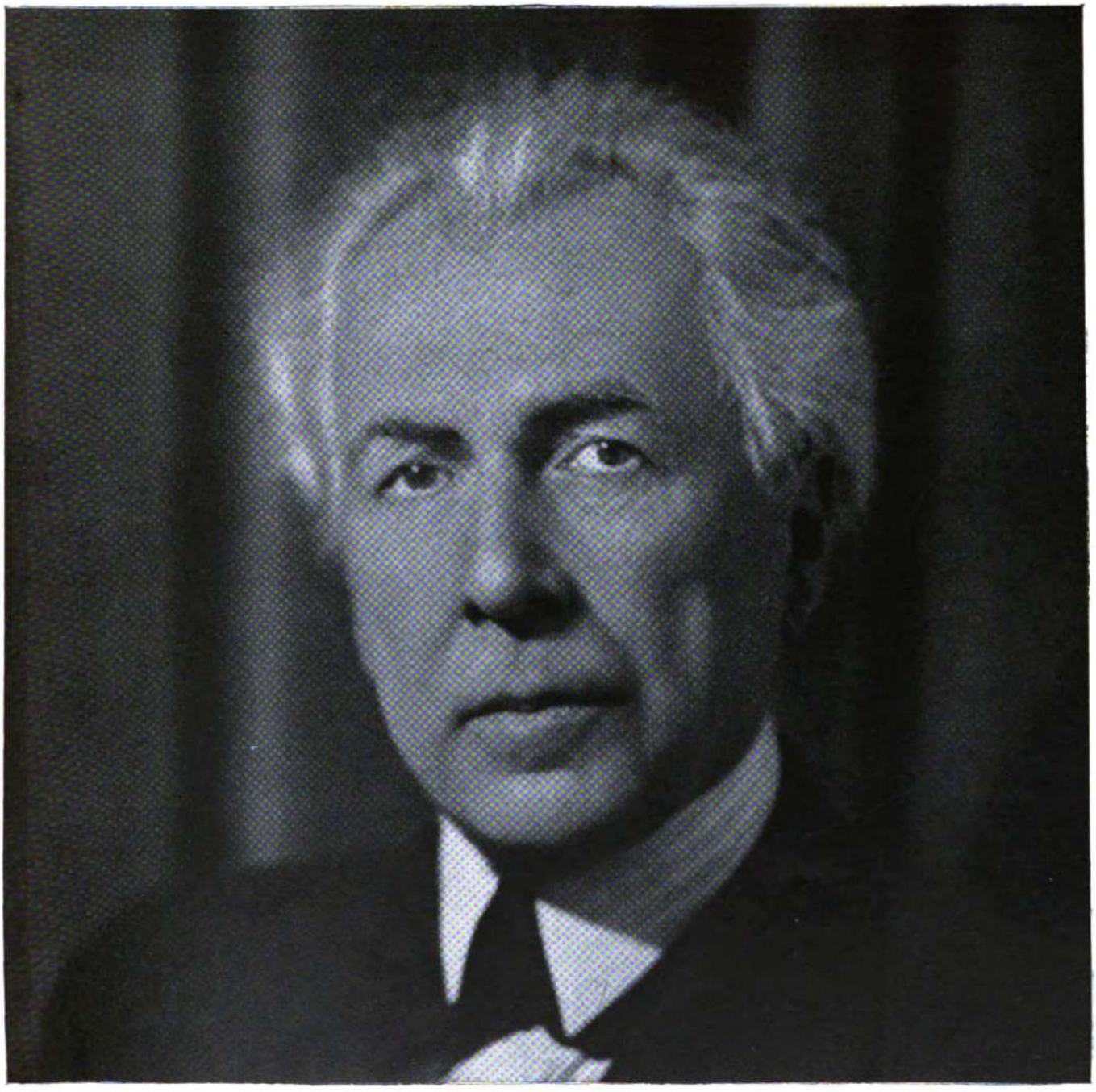
The vicarious power that has left him and his home-making, too, spiritually stranded—aground on sterility—will have a new meaning. In a new direction new forces will open to him that will make machine power no longer vicarious but a match for his own. He will build with that power the new house of a new world.

HIS MODERN HOME

In this modern home the hitherto painfully and expensively acquired utilitarian conveniences and sanitation may now be integrated in a single unit standardized for all. And ten for one in point of convenience and economy they may be his now to do for him what he could not ask of them ten years ago. Toilet convenience and sanitation and kitchen complete may be delivered to him as his car is delivered. In the standardized units composing his house, the new materials, glass and sheet metal, will let him out into the grounds and gardens around him as he lives within and open to him the vistas of the landscape.

The man himself has now a new ideal of living, in this new space concept of the machine age. Free space, in sunlight, ten feet or a thousand where one foot was his limit is now within his reach. His luxury consists, first, in that new sense of freedom, however simple the house may be otherwise. The home-maker will exercise this new sense of space freedom in the new space concept of his home. The reward and refuge of his life is this enlarged opportunity to build and live in a shelter of his own making.

This new standard of space measurement—the man seated in his automobile—affects him everywhere he goes, but most of all the new sense of space affects him here where he lives his family life. Vista, breadth, depth not only in his philosophy but in simple



Price Studios

FRANK LLOYD WRIGHT

reaches of the building he calls home may now belong to him, not by way of mortgage or the "financing" that only leads to refinancing and eventually to "repossession."

Extended lightness, spacious openness, a firm cleanliness of line make satisfying appeal to his awakened imagination. And in the quality of surface, breadth of plane and length of line, he may see the simplicity of the flower. In all his home will be a feeling of free space to be lived in and enjoyed, even as the fields, the hill slopes, or the ravines and forests themselves. At home, he is lord of a free spacious interior life. Elemental spaciousness a reasonable possession. As a new significance physical and spiritual, this is in itself tremendous.

LET IT WORK

As a creative product of this sense of spaciousness, machine-age luxury will be more truly a concrete freedom than the Greek ever knew, the Goth ever felt or any man before except, perhaps, the Nomad. In sweep, simplicity and quality, no architecture ever rivalled what may now be the American home-unit: the only centralization in the new city in the American scene.

And characteristic also of this machine-age comes the increase of space by conservation of space. Such conservation makes all furniture either a part of or appropriate to the building. And takes all appurtenances for heat or light into invisible, but effective co-operation of the building itself.

A NEW AND AN ORGANIC SIMPLICITY

This sense of life as organic architecture and architecture as organic life reacts upon this man's sense of everything. He grows in breadth and health of mind. And his new free-

dom in his own home makes freedom dear to him, for others no less than for himself. He demands it as his right. Moreover, as the meaning of the word "organic" dawns upon him, he demands true significance in all about him. His awakened eye searches forms he once took for granted. Finding them false he rejects them. He will have truth of form or he will have none. And this goes out from him to establish itself in his relations with others in the communal life.

The communal life, too, must rest squarely and naturally with the basis for all human life, the ground for all.

Political science, too, he now sees as organic. Legitimatizing artificialities for crucifying life to feed ambition is no longer for him. Philosophy he has come to see as organic. The simplicities of Laotze and Jesus dawn afresh for him as he sees them, tangible, at work as modern art and religion. The interior discipline of a clean ideal of a simpler but more scientific and spacious life in true freedom of individual expression is set up within him and grows tall against the very roof of his mind.

Potentialities undreamed of begin to work in him.

Soon he may walk abroad, a man among men.

When his power is no longer a vicarious power, he will be eager to share the work of the world, invigorated by the happiness and vitality of his life at home with the ground. The Usonian Citizen no longer growing impotent. Creatively he will be competent.

TYPICAL EXAMPLES

Here set up in descriptive outline is the sketch of an ideal. The graphic arts must come in to show you what such a house would look like. And the different buildings described here already have graphic form. But the outline of an ideal is better than any specific plan for any house . . . The ideal once fixed, the plan will come.

IN CONCLUSION

These outlines of the appearing city—the disappearing city must really be the appearing city—may seem to the patient reader who has come with me so far, another Utopia to join the many, come and gone. I am not trying to prove a case. My interest lies in the nature of the elemental changes we have been discussing and there is plenty of evidence. Here, at least, is a study based upon an architect's experience in trying to get an organic architecture born for these United States.

I now realize that organic architecture is life, that life itself is organic architecture or both are in vain.

I see that the principles working in the one are at work in the other or must be. There can be no doubt that we are sacrificing the greater efficiency of humankind to put all into the lesser efficiency of the machine. I believe it is useless to go on working for the machine or the landlord on any general basis of any great future for a noble architecture because a noble architecture means a noble life. The landlord, as a hangover from feudal institutions, is not intrinsic, nor is the machine itself. What perversion to allow land to hold the improvements instead of improvements holding the land and the machine to own the man instead of the man owning the machine!

We have reached the point where all is more or less makeshift where human life itself is concerned or at best more or less adventitious. It must be, so long as the basis upon which life as architecture and architecture as life must function together is not fundamentally strong and genuinely free. The valiant special case alone is free. Freedom is a dangerous adventure, as things are with us.

Out of my own sense of an organic architecture, observing the principles of that architecture at work as the law of natural change in the life of our country comes this tentative outline of the Broadacre City as I see it growing, as it must grow, from the ground up: a city to utilize for the human being the forces that built the present whirling vortex from the top down.

I confess that I have never been more than tolerant of reform. It is true form I am seeking. And no such form will ever be had by any alteration upon any old building or upon an old order. The new forms our modern life desperately needs will grow up from the ground, from within the nature of our common life. As Nature always grows her forms, so human nature must grow them, too; roots in the soil that is nature.

Cruelty, misfortune and poverty may be mitigated and should be, meantime. Honor to those so engaged in reform.

But I believe we have learned enough from the specialization that is centripetal centralization and have made enough ready, to go to the root for construction and do radical work with the law of natural, therefore of beneficent, change. The equalization, emphasizing individuality, that we call integration is that change. Why try to stand longer against it? "To have and to hold" is all very well when having and holding with nature. Both are disastrous when giving and taking against nature. And all that is written here is in line with that normal law of organic change as I have observed it beginning to work throughout our country.

The important new machine factors we have been discussing should be made no more than the scaffolding of our civilization. But we have been taking them for granted, high and low, as civilization itself. Therefore these factors are becoming forces of destruction. As forces of construction they have had little intelligent recognition in our plan. In our culture—the elevation of the plan—none whatever. But adventitious increment derived from centralization as an incentive or premium has not been wholly wasted. These mechanical forces of our age having been more rapidly developed to a higher degree of efficiency than would ever have been the case otherwise these gains should now be utilized in the architecture of our states, economic, social, moral, aesthetic. The time has gone by when such development as centralization has brought with it can justify the immense cost of its "efficiencies." . . . .

. . . . . .

The time is here when something must be done with these new resources in a larger way for humanity in order to relieve the centripetal pressure inordinate centralization has become or we will leave a record of the shortest life of any civilization yet attempted. These new machine-and-material resources and humanity itself are fast growing apart as enemies to destroy each other although both are by way of each other, capable of new and true forms. Denied the new forms, degradation and misery will deepen.

Why not see the new forces openly thrusting at the old form or at the lack of any form, in all these agencies we have enumerated as beginning to decentralize the city? And see that we must subdivide the immense aggregates and build up individuality in order to re-integrate in larger scale and in the true individual freedom we desire, the life of our States.

Compelled by the organic force of these new resources the skeptical may see our big cities already splitting up into several centers; our big mercantile establishments already building distributing centers on the edges of the congestion. Our more advanced big manufacturers have already confessed the big establishment no longer necessary; the motorbus and motor truck have already cut the now senseless back and forth haul of the too many competing railways to the heart. The new centers of distribution serving mobilization—the roadside service station an important one among them—are everywhere rapidly growing in importance and range, especially Middle West and South, Southwest and West. Manhattan alone lost hundreds of thousands of citizens last year. Many other big cities lost heavily also. Density of population must decline.

So greatly has mobilization already changed human values, modified human character and needs and altered the circumstances, that most of our buildings and our cities, both in plan and in style, are obsolete when they are built. Almost all of our present architecture and structural equipment—outside certain industries—is obsolete. Too old. The machine-age has made the old arrangements of which the architecture of the city itself was perhaps the most important, already invalid.

IT IS TIME

Therefore it is time not to dream of the future but to realize that future as now and here. It is time to go to work with it, no longer foolishly trying to stand up against it for an eleventh hour retrenchment.

Super-sense soon becomes common-sense. The Broadacre City is already super-sense, needing only to realize the forms that best express it in our daily life to make it valid. Those needed forms we already have. And they are all organic architecture. But we need organic economics and we need an organic social contract in order to make the new forms effective for all.

Our pioneer days are not over. Perhaps pioneer days are never over. But the frontier has shifted. Our American forebears took life in their hands and, efficient, went in their covered wagons to clear the ground for habitation. It seems they blazed the way for another efficiency that, by way of a rugged individualism that was only an exaggeration of their own great qualities, could only become exaggerated centralization. The strength of will and courage of our original pioneers was native forerunner to this type of domination we now see building its own mortal monuments, the skyscrapers in the cemetery that is the old city. They mark the end of an epoch.

Pioneering now lies along this new frontier: decentralization. Encumbrance and interference and danger again are there to be cleared away by the pioneers of a more humane because, at last, of an organic culture. Excess "success" must perish into promised opportunity for all to live as the bravest and best. Why, longer, should men be compelled to live according to the baser qualities of their natures would they live at all successfully? Why not a simpler natural basis for men to live according to their better selves—and not only survive but, actually, thrive? As "pioneering" on this new frontier, then, is scraping off the too full bushel, while ignoring the complex impositions that overfill it, statesmanship? Then the tinker is the best maker, the imitator the best creator and vicarious power is the best power of which we are capable.

EVOLUTION

We all know that the present basis of our life is inorganic—therefore unsound and dangerous just as such architecture as we have is two-fifths inorganic waste. We should also know that the inorganic has sporadic increase but can not possibly reproduce as life because it lacks the correlation essential to organic growth. Centralization, as centripetal force has no interior, informing, expanding principle of life. Its efficiencies are all involved and narrow: involution not evolution.

So, because our economic system has been inorganic, inorganic our social system must be also and so our arts and our religion be uncreative. Our politics are absurd because our status quo is a strong arm. Our fortunes are largely false.

We have drifted into fatal exaggeration, and are being drawn inward toward impotence by way of a thoughtless use of vicarious power to make money as, itself, more vicarious power.

Let us have an intelligent interpretation of democracy—our own ideal. And then let us have an honest appraisal of our direction as we stand. And then?

With what we have accomplished let us go in the direction we intend.

We now know that politicians are not statesmen. A statesman is an architect of an organic social order. The reforms proposed and effected by our political governing powers are no more than little shifts in the complex rules of the game. Makeshifts have been tried. But no interpretation in the changed circumstances of the ideal we have professed but have ignored has yet been tried. The by-products of any process whether of life or manufacture react and require constant modification. Are we thus stultified because we have really lost that ideal and so are unable to recognize or meet organic change?

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There is no question whatever in the enlightened mind that includes a heart, as to the rightmindedness and humane instincts of humanity when humanity is free, but . . . in what does equitable human freedom actually consist in a modern society?

Let us discuss that and its underlying economics as intelligently and frankly as we discuss science—biology for instance—and this fundamental cause to which we have dedicated our lives may work more intelligently to allow these new forces we have raised to be released that we may come nearer our own Ideal.

What is the meaning of life in a democracy—developed machine power a factor—as distinguished from life in other forms of social contract? What is true human efficiency? What is true human economy?

Let our bravest and best seek the answer and although perhaps in other terms, whatever the terms may be, they will find the answer in life as organic architecture, as I have found it in organic architecture as life.

(Continued)

the part the machine was to play in our architecture and in our life and built the buildings which are now recognized as basic modern architecture.

A new articulation, a free treatment of interior space and the countenance of an organic simplicity in construction visible in his plans, beginning thirty years ago, marked him as the great prophet of what has come to pass as well as of what is coming as a consequence.

His work has consistently driven toward De-centralization and the new integration based on machine-leverage as put forward on these pages.

By proper use of the machine and an invigorating concept of space, creating new forms his building and his writing has always had this prophetic quality.

These forces are portrayed in this book as powerful, conscious impulses driving toward the achievement of an organic architecture for a better life in America. His social, economic and aesthetic analysis of our country strikes at the root of our disorders, but more than that—shows the way, gradually appearing out of chaos toward a new freedom.